

CADBURY

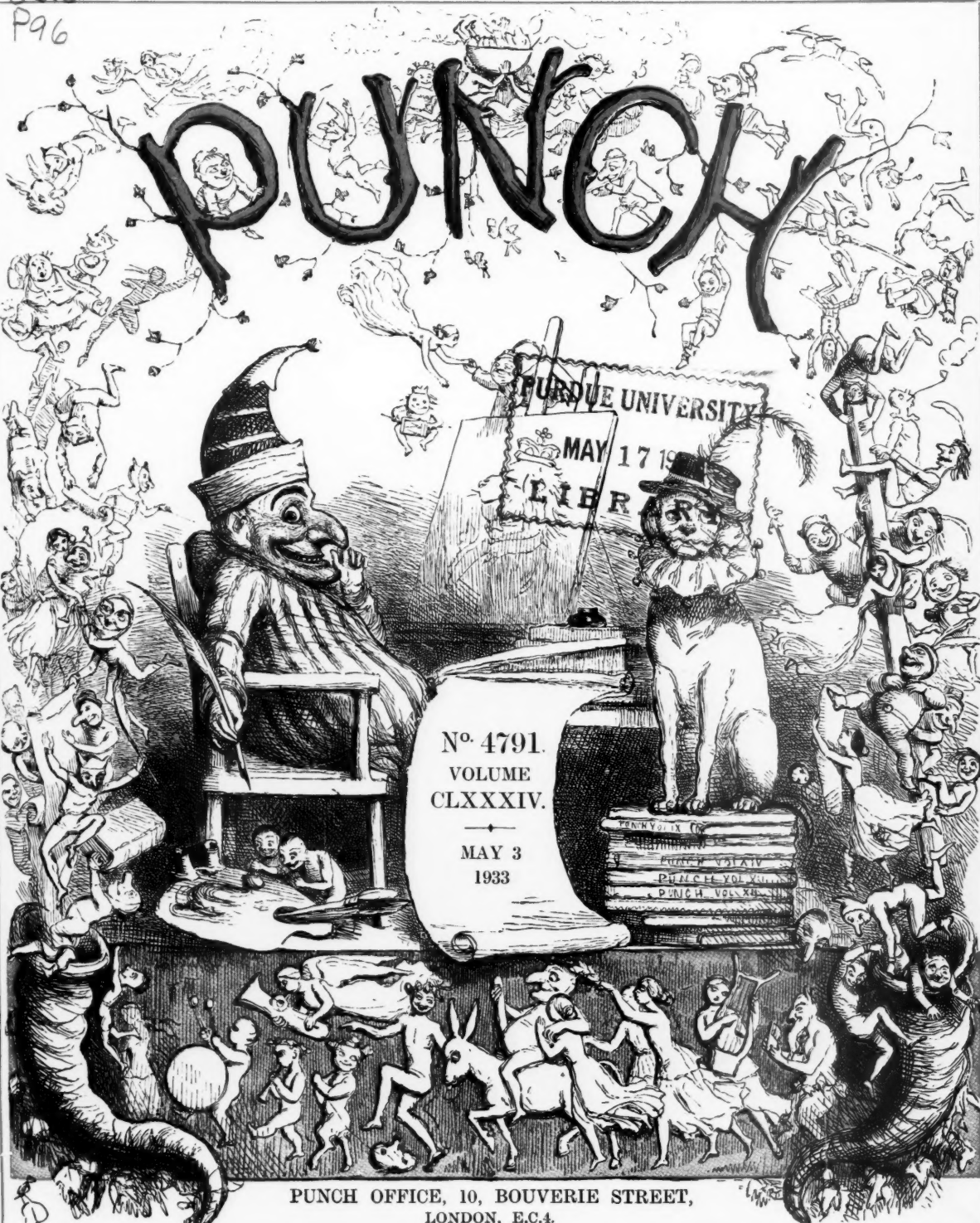
*Maker of
fine Chocolates*

052
P96

PUNCH

PRICE SIXPENCE

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



N^o. 4791.
VOLUME
CLXXXIV.

MAY 3
1933

PUNCH OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers—Inland Postage, 30/- per annum, 15/- six months; Overseas, 38/- per annum; (Canada, 34/- per annum).

Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in "Punch" is specifically reserved throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION and the U.S.A. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office, 1903.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD}.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

I'VE NEVER HIT THEM SO FAR OR SO STRAIGHT!

This is the New shaft for irons

We call it the Master because it cannot help but give you greater control, more accurate timing and increased length . . . because the experience, research and expert advice behind lift it right out of the common rut.

Try it and get a new thrill . . . it is a revelation, giving you new confidence, a new sense of power which is no illusion. Golfers of every handicap have their own individual problem to overcome and this new and wider range is designed to meet them all. If you are already using steel shafts for irons, try a Master and see the difference. If they are new to you, go straight on to the best from the first.

True Temper Master Irons are made in varying degrees of whip and a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath. Your pro. will gladly let you try them. Look for this transfer on every shaft.



The point of whip is placed higher so that a greater length of shaft comes into action, thus enormously increasing its driving power on impact with the ball. This also gives sweetness of feel.

Players who prefer the TWIN TAPER type of shaft can now obtain TRUE TEMPER in this form.



Here the diameter of the shaft has been increased, giving greater strength for forcing shots. Balance is improved and the player can "feel the club-head," making easier a grooved rhythmic swing.

The steps are brought closer together, while the diameter of the shaft is increased. This strengthens the shaft, gives you extra control, more power and increased confidence.

TRUE TEMPER MASTER

The Steel Shaft for Irons

Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., of 26, Exchange Street, East, Liverpool, by Acles & Pollock, Ltd., of Oldbury, Birmingham.



JOHN REYNOLDS



M
E
mot
mos
wan
A
laris
If it
able
bloa
D
seve
resta
were
tion
disc
teur
smel
An
ting
histo
min
Rob
and
And
Sp
Dr. A
that
mea
prov
ally
betw
lowb
him
bury
An
wom
Midd
cosm
Di
tions
That
in wh
To
A glo
day
make
It
is bein
is tha
skid t
A
VOL.

Charivaria.

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent. of the world's motor-cycles are in this country. And most of these were on the road we wanted to cross last Sunday week.

An attempt is to be made to popularise the herring in high social circles. If it succeeds the Communists will be able to start a fresh grouse against our bloated aristocracy.

During the recent cold spell several people standing over a restaurant-grating for warmth were charged with obstruction. This is calculated to discourage generous restaurateurs from giving away free smells.

Among the claims of Nottinghamshire to be the most historic county, we are reminded of its association with ROBIN HOOD, Lord BYRON and Archbishop CRANMER. And, of course, LARWOOD.

Speaking in Philadelphia, Dr. ALES HRDLICKA declared that thirty years' work in measuring foreheads had proved to him that intellectually there was no difference between the highbrow and the lowbrow. We shouldn't advise him to repeat this in Bloomsbury.

An historian announces that women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages.

Diamond-wedding celebrations in London were filmed. That's one branch of screen art at least in which we are superior to Hollywood.

Top-hats are said to be disappearing. A gloomy conjurer predicts that the day will come when he will have to make omelettes in an ordinary bowler.

It is said that a new type of banana is being grown in Trinidad. One theory is that they are being fitted with non-skid treads.

A party of ex-service men are now

on their way to Iceland to seek fortunes. We understand that they hope to start a small farm for breeding depressions and export them to this country.

In Canada a couple were married in a motor-boat travelling at about forty knots. The clergyman registered another knot.

A fire which destroyed a railway-

A cynic says that the greatest sign of industrial activity in this country is the number of people with axes to grind.

"The frock-coat came from Persia in the year 1666," we read. We fancy we saw a man wearing it the other day.

Texas cowboys are going regularly to beauty-parlours for face-massage and manicure. Roughnecks are first treated with sandpaper.

The Budapest police discovered a secret printing-press in a bakery. Suspicion was first aroused when a resident of the neighbourhood discovered asterisks in a bun instead of currants.

A young sportswoman amuses herself with puzzle competitions. Diana of the Crosswords.

We read that for three years a London barber has refused to speak to his only son. He cuts his own hair.

"Carrying trunks soon reduces weight," states a railway-porter. What about elephants?

An author says that he detests tripe. But he manages to get a lot of it published.

A Yorkshire solicitor found a large snake coiled up in his bath. It must have made him go h. and c. all over.

"The modern poet never receives justice in this country," declares a critic. We regard this as a tribute to our forgiving nature.

This Humility!

"To-day, when I am on the point of leaving the North of England for the South, it will, I think, be not inopportune to point out that the North is in danger of suffering a loss which may again tend to estrange it from the South."—*Daily Paper*.

"In the foyer of the Memorial Theatre during the interval music-hall stars and Government Whips graze each other."—*Daily Paper*. So even in these high circles all flesh is grass.



Visitor (in village stores) "A PACKET OF SMALL CANDLES, PLEASE."

Proprietor. "THERE BAIN'T A CANDLE IN THE PLACE, MUM! OLDEST INHABITANT 'AD 'IS 'UNDREDETH BIRTHDAY-PARTY YESTERDAY."

station waiting-room is thought to have been started by a spark from an engine. We didn't think it possible to start a fire in a waiting-room.

At a recent race-meeting the judges gave the wrong horse as the winner. There was much comment in Fleet Street on the privileges of the Press being usurped in this manner.

"We have at last mastered the air," declares a writer. The juvenile pianist next-door hasn't, unfortunately.

Which Was To Be Demonstrated.

"FOR the last time," I said to the large fleshy man at my front-door, "I DO NOT WANT A MAGNUM-OPUS PATENT ELECTRIC CLEANER."

Feeling I had expressed myself with sufficient plainness I waited for him to go. He smiled in a friendly manner and took a step forward. I wondered if he was deaf, and was under the impression that I had asked him to tea.

"A demonstration, which will cost you nothing," he said, "will show you the amazing results obtained by the Magnum-Opus, absolutely the most up-to-date electric cleaner on the market."

"On the contrary," I replied, "a demonstration will do nothing of the kind. There isn't going to be a demonstration. I have already told you, on the various occasions on which you have tried to worm your way into my house by all the underhand methods you could think of, that I do not intend to have a demonstration. I don't like your ways, I don't like your face, I detest your electric cleaner. I do not want to be really rude, but of course, if you force me——"

He began unstrapping his case.

"These dusting and polishing gadgets," he said, "are guaranteed——"

"There is only one person I can think of in history," I remarked, "whose character can have been as unscrupulous as yours. His name was NERO."

I closed the door with a bang.

"All dust particles are absorbed by this new adjustment on the vortex principle," he said through the open flap of the letter-box.

"He committed suicide," I retorted, shutting down the flap smartly. "It's the only good thing I know about him."

I returned to the sitting-room, elated with the consciousness of victory. I heard his heavy footsteps go slowly away. Half-an-hour later a ring at the front-door bell aroused my slumbering suspicions. I opened the door cautiously. My suspicions were groundless. A pale frightened little man stood there, his face working nervously. He carried a large much-travelled suitcase covered with the picturesque labels of various well-known European hotels.

"Pray excuse this intrusion," he said, "but I am trying to avoid a large bullying kind of fellow who insists on trying to demonstrate a Magnum-Opus electric cleaner in my house."

I opened the door wide. "My poor man," I said, "you have my sincere sympathy. Come in."

"He's hanging round there now," he went on with a furtive glance over his shoulder. "I was on my way home from a visit to some friends and just caught sight of him hiding behind some bushes in the garden. I thought, if you wouldn't mind my coming in for a few minutes, he might get tired of waiting if he found there was no one at home."

Cordially I invited him in. He looked nervous and harassed, and no wonder. I offered him some tea.

"It's very kind of you," he said with a wan smile.

"Not at all," I replied; "it's only ordinary humanity. It's up to us to stand by one another to protect our homes from these commercial tiger-sharks. I suppose he's been playing some of his low-minded tricks on you?"

He nodded, taking the large piece of cake I offered him.

"He tried all kinds of ways of getting in," he said.

"Once he pretended to be the piano-tuner. I had left him alone with the piano for several minutes before I became suspicious. It occurred to me suddenly that he didn't look like a piano-tuner. Piano-tuners are generally thin highly-strung men. This chap looked as though he wouldn't know middle C from a hansom-cab. I stole in without his hearing me and saw him just fitting a flex on to the electric-

light. His patent cleaner stood unpacked beside him; his box of adjustable gadgets lay open on the floor. It was all I could do to get him out of the house. I had to tell him I was subject to homicidal fits and that it was dangerous to cross me. Since then I have become nearly a nervous wreck keeping him from getting in again."

I poured him out a second cup. He was beginning to revive under the stimulus of tea and sympathy.

"I suppose," he said, "you couldn't let me have a couple of aspirins? I don't want to be a nuisance, but seeing that man hanging round gave me a kind of nervous shock. I should be so much obliged."

I went upstairs with alacrity to find my bottle of aspirin tablets. I came downstairs and heard a low humming sound proceeding from the sitting-room. A dreadful thought pierced my brain. I flung open the door. The pale nervous little man was working a Magnum-Opus patent electric cleaner over the carpet. His suitcase was open beside him. Various adjustable gadgets lay around him on the floor. He switched off the current when he saw me.

"You will notice," he said, "how the Magnum-Opus thoroughly cleans the carpet without destroying the pile. Allow me to show you the amount of dust I have already taken out of it."

I was too speechless to protest. He released a spring and emptied the contents of the dust-bag on a sheet of newspaper.

"Like magic, isn't it?" he said, smiling.

It was. I stood and watched helplessly while he completed the demonstration. It was marvellous. I bought a Magnum-Opus. I wouldn't be without it for worlds.

I gather that the pale nervous little man shared the commission with his confederate.

K. O'B.

The Deserted Village.

Now, an elastic Easter being done,

The country quiet comes again, restored

Since family saloons no longer run

Seated for four and having six aboard;

Nor any short-clad hiker, no, not one,

Nor any borne upon a branch-line train

Samples the satisfying air, the sun;

All are at work again.

They left us gradually and are gone.

Old papers lie to witness where they fed;

They ate, they drank and they had goings-on

Like WORDSWORTH'S heavens. Tins and bits of bread

And stoppered bottles floated with the swan

Down the slow stream whose bank sustained their feast:

And they were happy and their faces shone;

They smiled—their faces creased.

And many a villager provided tea

And ale was flowing at the local bars

(But not too much, as far as I could see),

And some went home who sang beneath the stars;

But there were some who learned from thorns how free

A country bed, how wise the hens that lay

A country egg, how skilled the country bee.

These too have gone away.

They came with Easter and with Easter went,

If Easter means a week on either side;

But they, the blest, had money and they spent.

The village made a bit at Eastertide,

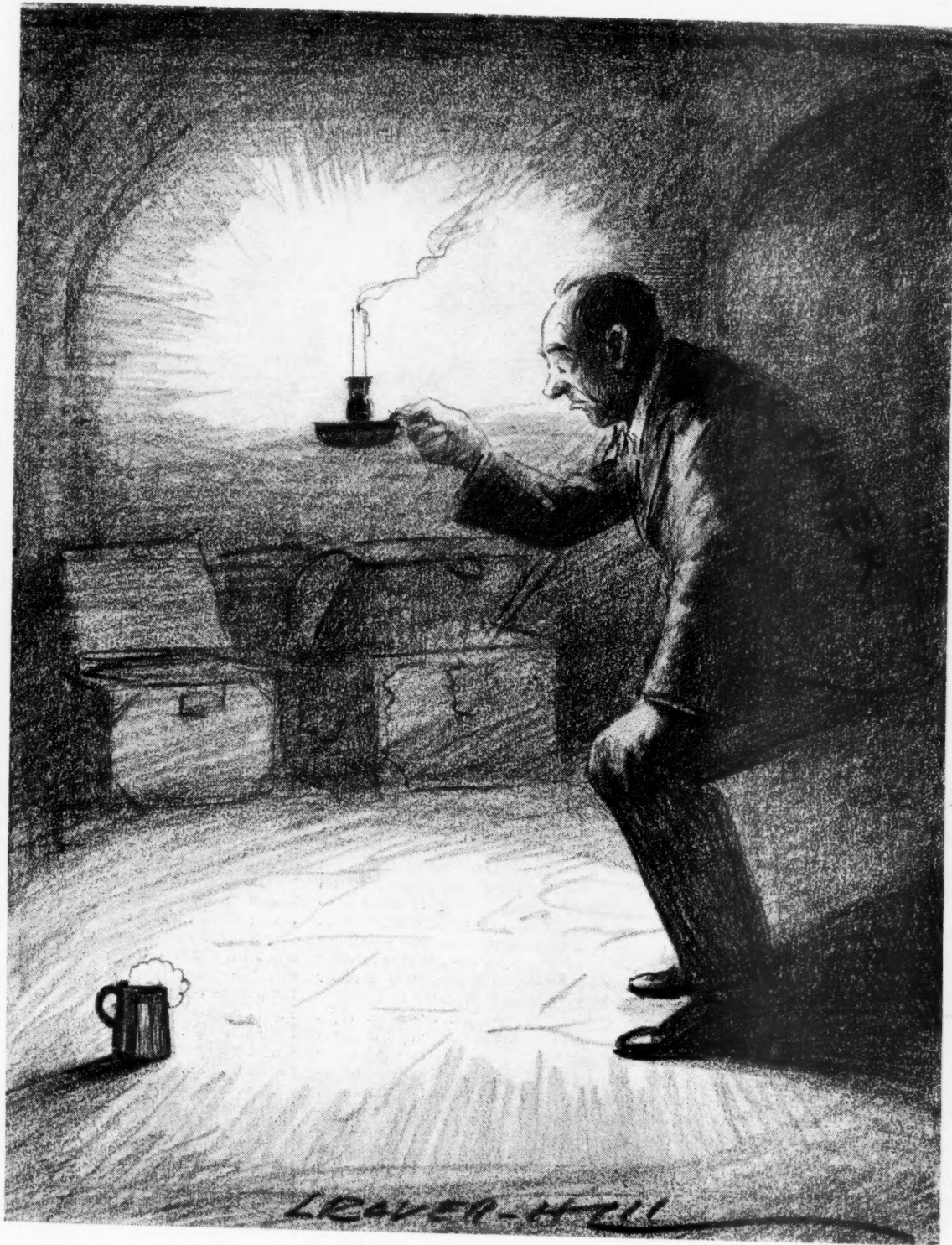
And needed it, however diligent.

Now until Whitsun shall the tale repeat,

It lies deserted, but it looks content

Having made both ends meet.

VERGES.



THE TREASURE-SEEKER'S REWARD.



Wife. "FANCY! THIS IS THE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF THE R.A. I WONDER WHAT THE PAINTINGS WERE LIKE IN 1768?"

Advanced Artist. "JUST PAINTINGS; A CABBAGE WAS SIMPLY A CABBAGE IN THOSE DAYS."

Harsh Treatment of a Dog.

A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CAIRNS.
(Being an advance report of a lecture to my wife.)

I REGRET to have to speak seriously about the way Frolic has been treated lately in this house. You know as well as I do the disapproval with which popular sentiment regards anything like cruelty to animals. No offence is more justly reprobated, and none is visited by the law with penalties which are relatively more severe. I warn you in your own interest that if you are not more careful we shall have the inspectors and the police down on us in no time. Let me give the various counts in their order and in the order in which you are likely to be called on by the magistrates to meet them.

(1) *Removal of the new silk cushion from the library sofa.* The removal of this cushion and its replacement by one not nearly so comfortable, not being stuffed with eider-down, appear to me acts of deliberate unkindness. You need

not remind me that the silk cushion was a Christmas gift from Aunt Rachel and that she had embroidered it herself, or said she had done so. Nor do I forget that Frolic, like all Cairn terriers, has a way of scrabbling at a cushion with his paws and then turning round several times on it so as to settle it to his liking. This movement represents, or so I have been told, the primitive habit of the wild dog, who scratched among the leaves of the forest in order to make himself a suitable bed.

If Aunt Rachel, at her next visit, were to take offence on seeing the eider-down coming out of it in places, we could always tell her about this interesting survival of primitive instinct, and say that the foliage which she embroidered, or says she did, was so well done that Frolic mistook it for actual leaves.

(2) *Feeding, Question of.* (a) *Giving unsuitable food;* (b) *Not allowing Frolic to finish the cat's dinner.* These are grave charges, but not, I am afraid, unwarranted. When the vet told you the other day that green food was good for small dogs he meant, I am sure, his

advice to be interpreted in a judicious way. I received a shock yesterday when I saw lying beside Frolic's bowl on the dining-room carpet two very large Brussels-sprouts. The intelligent little dog, if I may put his thoughts into words, had said to himself, "I can manage a good many different kinds of things to eat, but I think I had better give these a miss, because I don't know what they are." One can excuse this attitude of suspicion, because dogs are by nature carnivorous, which is why Frolic, as you may have noticed, always begins by taking the bone out of his dinner and carrying it into a corner to eat first of all.

This, however, is a digression. After the Brussels-sprouts affair, which he may well have fancied was an attempt to poison him, it was an added disappointment to find that the remains of the cat's dinner, which he had hoped to finish, had been put by some malevolent agency on the sideboard out of his reach. This inaccessible position was, I have reason to believe, selected in consequence of some remarks by your brother upon Frolic's figure not being

what it used to be. Animals, I need hardly remind you, can be ill-treated by being given insufficient nourishment and I am convinced from his expression as he contemplated the edge of the cat's saucer on the sideboard that Frolic thought he had been nourished insufficiently. After all, who could be a better judge on this point?

(3) *Introduction of a mouse-trap into the pantry.* This innovation I regard as an unnecessary insult. A sensitive dog, such as Frolic is, must feel deeply the implied reflection upon his mouse-catching ability. It may be true, as you say, that the mice in the pantry have become more numerous lately, and that Frolic, though enjoying many opportunities, has only caught one in the last three months. But there is a bad light in the pantry and the floor is rather slippery.

Again, you must allow that, even if the mice are not killed, they are much alarmed; you can tell that from the way they run under the fireplace. Indeed I doubt if the same mice ever venture to come back. Probably the eight which the parlourmaid reports as having been caught in the trap last week are new mice altogether. The substitution of a mechanical device for Frolic's well-meant efforts looks to me like a narrow-minded attempt to stop amusement merely because it is amusement.

(4) *Barking, repression of; with special reference to (a) barking at the cows over the fence; (b) barking at visitors.* We now pass to acts which amount, or nearly amount, to moral ill-usage. It is rumoured that one afternoon this week, when Frolic rushed barking at the cows which were looking over the railings round the lawn, you not only scolded him with much acerbity but picked up a light switch and shook it at him, or at any rate in his direction. You submit as an excuse for this severity that one of the cows has a calf, and that, though they do not mind Frolic's demonstrations but regard them as an amusing break in the monotony of existence, the calf is not old enough to understand and runs away with Frolic after it. But you must regard the episode from Frolic's point of view. If you were to see an enormous black creature, at least forty feet high (for that is the size an Aberdeen Angus must appear to Frolic) would you not bark at it? He was convinced no doubt that his mistress was in danger and was determined to sell his life dearly in trying to protect you. I can imagine that his dejection at your failure to appreciate his bravery was a truly pathetic sight.

My remonstrance, though directed chiefly to this particular instance,



Guide, "AND ONE CAN WELL IMAGINE THE CURIOUS-LOOKING CROWDS THAT USED TO GATHER AT THIS SHRINE."

extends also to those occasions when visitors call upon us. To hold Frolic's jaws together so that he is unable to let Mrs. Thompson know exactly what he thinks of her is to give an unfavourable impression of the way we treat our dogs. I admit that the short interval of silence secured by these drastic means enabled us to catch the name of the lady whom Mrs. Thompson had brought with her and was trying to introduce. But, after all, I ask you, what does Mrs. Thompson's friend's name, which I have already forgotten, signify compared with Frolic's injured self-respect? I have made my protest, and leave

the matter to your humaner feelings. I have only to add that the expression "Rubbish!" does not constitute an argument, however often you repeat it.

A. C.

An Impending Apology.

"The return visit to Johannesburg of Miss —, the famous vaudeville artist, recalls a pleasing incident during her previous visit, when she appeared at the Empire eight years ago."—*Johannesburg Paper.*

Great Expectations.

"The Maternity Ward contains 14 beds with 14 little white cots at the foot of each." *From a Broadcast Appeal.*



The Dichard. "Oh, yes, Sir Horace, I always drive tandem—besides, it helps the unemployment scheme."

Your Garden—Let Us Help You.

(All inquiries should be accompanied by a high-powered Postal Order. We do not undertake to identify seeds, bulbs or corms unless they are in full flower and accompanied by descriptive cutting from dealer's catalogue.)

Mrs. H.—If, as you say, one of your bulbs lights up during thunderstorms it has probably been set too near your wireless-earth, if you have one.

Quite on the other hand, it may be that you have planted an electric-light bulb in error.

Miss R.—The legal position is that if your neighbour's cat roots up the broccoli a third time it wins them outright.

Mrs. J.—Report the matter to the police at once. This is one of many cases where a cook has peeled a consignment of English tulip bulbs. It is thought that these cooks are in the pay of unscrupulous foreign growers, and that they "get at" English bulbs in this way with the idea of hampering their growth and prejudicing the market.

Mr. MacV.—Very little can be done with last year's bulb-fibre, especially as your ducks have refused it. Some little fun may be had by serving it on

toast when you next have anyone unpleasant to dinner. Very few people dare to admit that they do not know what it is.

The Rev. E. W.—There is no legal or moral obligation upon you to return the bloom produced in excess of your dealer's guarantee. You are covered by Queen Anne's Bounty and Benefit of Clergy.

Colonel N.—No firm of good standing will take back the tulip bulb now that you have cut it in half with a spade. You should swing back more slowly and keep your eye on the bulb.

Mrs. Major B.—There is no danger of your parrot-tulips picking up any unpleasant expressions if you plant them outside the Officers' Mess. All the bulbs from the dealers you mention come of a singularly pure strain.

Toujours la Politesse.

BEING bored with the Continental Sunday, which is nearly as dull as the British variety, an English gentleman went to the Opera. The town was Bordeaux, the opera *Faust*. Neither of these facts helped to reduce his boredom.

During one of the intervals the singers came down to the auditorium to sell photographs for a theatrical charity. Our Englishman proffered five francs, and as a matter of courtesy

chose a picture of the charming saleswoman.

Being still bored after the show he decided on an adventure. He wrote to the actress: "MADEMOISELLE,—I am a lonely stranger in a strange land, and I admire your talent and your beauty. Will you sign the enclosed photo for me?"

By return of post came a letter. "MONSIEUR," it ran—"I am not in the habit of signing photographs for people I do not know; but as you say you are a foreigner, and I would not wish you to have a false idea of French courtesy, I sign the photograph. I am sorry it is not a better likeness. . . ."

A little less bored, the Englishman wrote back asking if she had not a better likeness.

By return. "MONSIEUR,—I am not in the habit of giving photographs to people I do not know; but as you say you are a foreigner, and I would not wish you to have a false idea of French courtesy, I send you a photograph. . . ."

All boredom vanquished, the Englishman wrote asking her to dine with him.

By return. "MONSIEUR,—I am not in the habit of dining with people I do not know, but as you say you are a foreigner . . . French courtesy . . . I accept. . . ."

And that is the true story of another *entente cordiale*.

The Door that was Locked.

THE trouble with our Brigadier is that his early training was neglected by a too fond mother or too lazy nurse, and we have to suffer for it. There is no doubt whatsoever that as a small boy he used to throw himself on the ground and howl with rage every time he was baulked, and the passage of fifty years has not altered his character to any marked degree; he has broken himself of the habit of throwing himself on the floor, but he still howls at the top of his voice if thwarted, and attempts to soothe him merely cause him to yell louder.

Like all Generals whose duty it is to inspect Battalions, he has his pet "stunts" and anathemas; and it has long been accepted as the first duty of Commanding Officers and Adjutants that they should make themselves acquainted with the speciality of the Brigadier immediately they arrive at a new station. The little points in question are nearly always something absurdly trivial, such as the carrying of a spare pair of bootlaces by all ranks or the complete absence of cobwebs in the barracks, and the really efficient adjutant knows that there is only one thing worse than every man on parade being deficient in spare bootlaces, and that is for every man at once

to produce from an accessible part of his clothing these necessary adjuncts to his footwear. To do this is to rob the tiger of his prey, and is always regarded as silent insolence. It must be borne in mind that the Brigadier has got up early that morning resolved to fulminate over at least one man deficient in laces, and to deprive him of this pleasure is merely asking for it; so let him have one deficiency or one small cobweb as the case may be for your sake and everybody else's.

Our Brigadier's pet aversion is a locked door. It seems that in the early days of his inspecting career he came across a locked door adjoining the sergeant-major's bunk and demanded the key. This was found after a long search and much protestation, and on opening the door the Brigadier was richly rewarded, for the room was a masterpiece. It was filled with every conceivable form of insult, from dirty

clothes to rusty rifles, and on top of a disgraceful bed was a bull-terrier busy with a litter of pups. There was an historic scene—the Colonel was retired, the Second-in-Command passed over, and the Adjutant went to the other battalion in Shanghai; and since then our Brigadier has had one idea in his head and one only—every battalion has a locked door and behind it corruption unspeakable. He is so intent on finding one that he will overlook everything else during his quest; and the secret of success during an inspection is to see that he discovers one with just a taste of disorder in the room—a mere rub of garlic round the bowl.

We were inspected last week, and there is a nervous restrained attitude about everyone, for no one knows what the future holds. In the first place it

tidy bed, a table, a chair and a well-oiled rifle. For a moment the Adjutant had thought that the rifle might be a trifle rusty, but decided that this would be a bit too drastic, and had finally selected a cigarette-end lying on the table as just that little touch of disorder to give the Brigadier entire satisfaction—the olive in the cocktail, as it were.

Everything went swimmingly till we arrived at "C" Company's rooms, and then the Brigadier, somewhat nettled at having been baulked for so long in a barracks that seemed to be all doors, stalked on ahead and rattled the handle of the door at the far end—and it was locked!

"How often have I said every door in the barracks must be open when I inspect?" he roared. "Open it at once!"

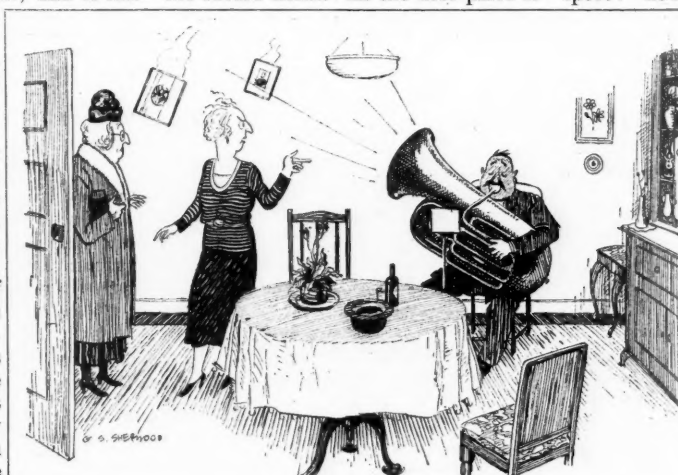
"But, Sir—" began the Commanding Officer.

"Don't argue with me, Sir!" yelled the Brigadier, hammering on the door with his stick. "Open it at once. Fetch the key! Who's got it? Send for the Armourer-Sergeant!"

"But, Sir," interposed the Adjutant, "there is no key."

"Don't answer me, Sir. Every door has a key!" yelled the Brigadier. "Fetch the Armourer-Sergeant and break it down at once."

The Armourer-Sergeant having been produced got busy with screw-driver and brace-bit till suddenly the



Wife. "FRED! D'YOU MIND STOPPING A MINUTE? I WANT TO ASK MRS. TIDSWELL IF SHE CAN SPARE ME SOME COTTON-WOOL FOR MY EARS."

must be understood that our barracks were built in the days of the Peninsular War, and to make them habitable the Works Department have added and pulled down bits at various times, so that the original lay-out of the buildings has been lost entirely, and the natural appearance is an untidy one. This is not exactly our fault, but our Brigadier is quite capable of holding the Commanding Officer responsible for what happened in 1812 if he is in the wrong mood.

Our Adjutant had arranged everything for a most successful inspection—minor details like drill and kit inspection, reserve ammunition and Quartermaster's stores were beyond reproach, and the most important point—the locked door—had been most carefully staged. It was that of a small room in "D" Company's block, and the furnishing of it lacked no detail. It was spotlessly clean and swept, it contained a

door creaked on its hinges and moved slightly in a cloud of dust and plaster. The Brigadier, intent on being the first to view the disorder he counted on finding inside, pushed his way to the front. The door creaked again and suddenly swung open; the Brigadier stepped forward into a blaze of sunshine and disappeared completely from view. Looking out over the threshold of the door, closed for some forty years, we saw him lying twenty feet below in Sergeant-Major Bartlett's lettuce-bed, the bright green of the plants contrasting delightfully with his purple face.

Gayer Undies For Crooks.

"Suddenly the prisoner just dropped his bags and made away like a blue streak. I couldn't catch him."—*Canadian Paper.*

After the Deluge.

"... the story of the Flood, to be followed next Sunday with a study of the story of the Tower of Babel."—*Australian Paper.*

All the Fun of the—Home.

OUT of a clear sky has dropped into my letter-box the prospectus of an enterprising organiser whose business it is to provide the paraphernalia of fêtes and (as he spells them and accentuates them) "fancy fayres." Why he should think that anyone in my small way should be in need either of an Olde English Street of Shoppes or a roundabout I cannot imagine; but here, spread out before me, are his blandishments, all reinforced by pictures of well-dressed people enjoying them: his swings; his Haunted House, which, though it produces "wied and wonderful screams of laughter," seems to have all the more disagreeable characteristics of a rough passage; his fifty-feet mat slide for children; his Revolving Horse ("the great laughter-maker"); his "Bubbles," where heavy swells try to catch celluloid balls in little landing-nets; his "Sweet-la," his "Watch-la" and his "Profitable Hoop-la."

There is a view of the Profitable Hoop-la, where young and old, provided with rings, surround a table covered with objects of desire; but, if they can throw the rings over them, they are luckier or more adroit than I, who have never won anything at this game. And I assure you that I have tried, even to the extent, such a fascination can this particular form of dexterity exert, of attempting, at Neuilly, to encircle the necks of bottles of sweet champagne; which, should I have chanced to accomplish the feat, would have been my embarrassing possessions. But I failed.

That exact skill can, however, be acquired we know from the evidence of the youth in *State Fair*, who spent the intervening months after one fair in practising this art, so that, at the next, he might have his revenge on the owner of the Profitable Hoop-la who had, as he thought, swindled him the year before. And I have more personal proof that such proficiency can be attained, for I once went to the Derby with an O.M. whose skill with the rings was such that he came away with two or three dozen pocket-knives all won in this way, and was followed on his triumphant course from Hoop-la to Hoop-la by crowds of admiring spectators. His Order of Merit was, however, bestowed upon him for other reasons.

So much for the profitable possibilities of Hoop-la. But I am still at a loss as to what a Sweet-la and a Watch-la are. And why "la," anyway?

We all differ, and I have long ceased to look upon my own taste as normal or even perhaps right or healthy; but once again I will challenge the opposition of the huge majority by saying that all these attractions are more amusing when you go to them than when they come to you. To find oneself, at a Fair, or even Fâyre, in a hall of Distorting Mirrors is for a moment or two a joke, particularly if the reflections of your friends are visible too; but one must not have Distorting Mirrors in one's own apartments. To be aware in fittingly unusual surroundings of someone wearing a plaster head resembling HAROLD LLOYD might be funny; but that is no way to come down to an ordinary breakfast. "Jolly clowns with comical donkey" should be sought for not near, but far.

And then there is the question of disfigurement and desecration. I never see a Fair in progress anywhere but my thoughts travel ahead to the ruined grass, the waste-paper, the general defacements, so that when this ingenious caterer tries to tempt me with his swings and roundabouts I shudder. A roundabout on one's own premises! It is unthinkable. Yet good-natured country gentlemen, the friends of their villages and the patrons of local charities, obviously do not flinch, or this amazing catalogue

would not be in existence, would not have fallen into my letter-box.

There is, however, one of these devices for the removal of emui and, I suppose, the persuasion of pence, which does appeal to me and awaken a slumbering primitive instinct, and that is Attraction 90, "Smashing up the happy home," where, in the illustration, a dresserful of crockery is being flung at by a merry company and destroyed. I have seen this allurement at Fairs in England and abroad, but I never thought to have the chance of establishing one under my own roof. The matter needs thought. There are few guests who, were they on oath, would not admit a preference for breaking plates with an accurate aim to listening to music or dancing in a restricted space. "Something attempted, something done." I am thinking very seriously of ordering Attraction 90. A good host has his duties to perform.

On the other hand, the cost of keeping the dresser-shelves filled would be considerable, and the débris would need to be deposited somewhere. In any case, a wise preliminary would seem to be the purchase of shares in the Five Towns.

E. V. L.

Their Mother Tongue.

According to Professor GREET of New York, KING ALFRED said "Oh, yeah!" since he used the Saxon word "Gea" as an affirmative and pronounced the "g" as "y."

A PICKER-UP of crumbs at Learning's table,
I love to loiter at GAMALIEL's feet
And feast on such a dainty (dropped by cable)
Fresh from the menu of Professor GREET.
Though otherwise the word was spelt and written,
'Tis comforting at any rate to know
KING ALFRED spilled a mouthful too in Britain
Ten centuries ago.

As acting-cook (incognito) it may be
Upon that fabled and historic day
He soothed the irate dame with "O.K., Baby!"
Or e'er she chucked the ruined cake away.
"Big boy!" would burst from him perchance *instantly*
Over some deed of prowess; while mayhap
He dubbed the Danish foe, by way of banter,
A "Hoodlum" or a "Sap."†

If a stout henchman brought him information
Of GUTHRUM's bandits smitten thigh and hip,
It may be the jejune ejaculation
"Hot dog!" fell sickly from the royal lip.
Doubtless at Wedmore, when beneath his banner
The courtiers knelt beside the kingly chair,
He murmured in his most disarming manner,
"Say, Bo, just put it there!"

We have no evidence to back the thesis;
But, though some rival pundit may elect
To tear the good Professor's views to pieces,
I much prefer to think that he's correct.
No longer I'll be guilty of the folly
Of looking on this lingo as taboo,
Seeing that even in the Wood called Holly
They talk King's English too.

A. K.

"YOUTH OWES A LOT TO THE MOTOR-CYCLE."

Evening Paper Headline.

And still more to the garage.

* A disturber of the peace.

† A stupid person.



Customer (to village handyman). "WHAT A LOT OF LITTLE WHEELS YOU HAVE ALL OVER THE PLACE! WHAT ARE THEY FOR?"
Handyman. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, EVERY TIME I MEND A CLOCK I HAVE A CUPFUL OF WHEELS OVER."

The Domestic Gramophone.

(A gramophone record can now be bought entitled "How to make an omelette.")

If recipes and such are taught
Upon the gramophone,
I think this splendid notion ought
To be more widely known
By those who make continual grouse
About the cares of keeping house.
Forthink! Nomorethosetiresomesenes
Will happen as of old—
Those arguments about the greens,
And why the soup was cold,
Which cast a cold and injured look
Upon the countenance of Cook.

If negligence or vice is shown
By parlourmaid or butler
You will not sigh and curse and groan—
Your method will be subtler.
Present them with a tactful choice
Of records from *The Household Voice*.
No more discordant jazz will sound
Within the servants' hall;
For young and old will gather round
In silence, while to all
A pleasant voice, unseen, refined,
Will murmur hints of every kind.

Such varied topics there will be
As *Why do Saucepans Rust?*
And *Bells and Early-Morning Tea*
And *Where to Look for Dust*,
And *Safer Washing-Up and Taps*
And *How to Finish Up the Scraps*.
The gramophone will thus, we see,
Distribute fresh delights;
While Cook will turn from Mrs. B.
And rise to greater heights.
Perhaps (most daring vision yet)
She may produce an omelette!



"STAYING LONG?"
"INDEFINITELY?"

"INDEFINITELY."
"DEFINITELY."

The Wimbledon Racket.

ONCE again the mowers are out all over the country, string is being requisitioned in a thousand homes to mend the holes in the net, and the thoughts of the nation turn naturally to Wimbledon. It may seem a precarious business to discuss in print the prospects for a meeting still nearly two months away, but the advantages of being beforehand must not be forgotten. For one thing it gives the authorities time to adopt any suggestions one may have to make; for another, should anyone whose name I happen to mention eventually prove a winner, it will then be possible for me to remark that "as long ago as the beginning of May I drew attention to the rapid advance of this very promising player from Assam"—or Pernambuco or wherever it is, which at once gives one a certain standing as a critic of the game and is at any rate very much better than never mentioning the man at all until he has reached the semi-finals.

The importance to us as a nation of a win for Great Britain in the Men's Singles this year can hardly be over-estimated. One more failure and our

prestige on the Continent, now so high through the recovery of the Ashes, following as it did upon MALCOLM CAMPBELL's great dash at Daytona, would sink to depths from which even a long series of victories in the Mixed Doubles would scarcely suffice to rescue it. Trade too would be affected. The Burmese racket market, already largely lost to America, would shrink to infinitesimal proportions; Ceylon would scorn our net-posts; the flow of tennis-balls from this country to Madagascar would incontinentally dry up. The list might be indefinitely prolonged. I could go on to speak of the ruin of the catgut trade and the decline in the output of British marking machines; but it is unnecessary to stress any further that close relationship between Sport and Commerce which no one who has ever opened a newspaper can possibly fail to appreciate. It is hardly too much to say that the stability of sterling cannot be assured unless the last man to leap the net at Wimbledon this year is an Englishman bred and born.*

* Note for beginners: At Lawn Tennis the winner leaps the net to condole with his defeated opponent.

But the path of the victor will, whatever happens, be no easy one. The opposition from abroad is expected to be stronger than ever, for, in addition to the usual contingents from France, America, Spain, Germany, Poland, Austria, Italy, Japan, Mozambique, India, Baluchistan, etc., etc., there are several entirely new names among the entries so far received. Of these the Eskimo pair, with their unorthodox style, may prove a stumbling-block to our hopes, as also may Chief Snorting Horse, the Sioux crack, unless he decides to confine himself to playing in the Mixed Doubles with his squaw. Another newcomer to Wimbledon will be Bho Ganda, of Thibet, whose yellow robes have yet to be seen on an English court. He is said to have a knack of serving under cover of his beard so as to conceal the direction of the break from his opponent, and is sure to be a difficult customer to tackle. Meanwhile from Bechuanaland comes news of a gigantic Zulu who has been setting the Limpopo on fire with his hurricane forehand drives and bewildering chops. There are others no less formidable, but enough has been said, without mentioning such experienced challengers as Hi

Fling or the brothers Hakim from Arabia, to show that only by the exercise of the utmost skill and determination can we hope to win back the proud title of Champions of the World.

Whom have we to set against this array of foreign talent? Who, to put it another way, is capable of repelling the ranks of the invading host? What man among us has the courage, the endurance, the natural ability required to withstand the chosen champions of nearly every nation on the earth? That you or I could do it, given the necessary leisure, I gladly grant. That backhander of yours that woke them all up at the Wilsons' last August, and the volley I brought off (you remember it?) in a friendly with old Robinson—there, if you like, were shots that would have surprised the best players in the world. But to do them every time, to be quite sure, indeed, of ever doing them again, one needs practice, and for that, you must regretfully agree, we simply cannot spare the time. Perforce we must return, if I may borrow a phrase from the PRIME MINISTER, to the arena of practical politics.

The experience of recent years seems to show that our accredited representatives, excellent players though they are, lack the physique essential to a world-beater. Only very tall men can hope to serve cannon-balls, and it is common knowledge that the serving of cannon-balls is a first condition of success at Wimbledon. Now the chances of a very tall man endowed with the requisite knowledge of the game coming to light in the course of the next few weeks are slight; and the other possibility, that one of our leading players may grow sufficiently rapidly to enter the top flight before the end of June is also remote enough to be disregarded. We are left with no alternative but to increase the height of our representatives artificially. The Greeks were quick to realise the advantages of equipping their actors with the thick-soled *cothurnus*, or tragic buskin, which added several inches to their stature; and there exists, so far as I am aware, no rule prohibiting the use of such a boot in contests held under L.T.A. management. With a sufficiently thick sole, giving a height of, say, eight or nine feet, every service should be unreturnable, which would preclude the necessity for rapid movement about the court—always a difficulty in boots of this type; while during his opponent's service the player would of course revert to the more familiar *soccus* or light shoe. Frequent changes of footwear would at least be no novelty at Wimbledon.

If it be felt that for technical reasons



"IF ONLY OUR PEOPLE COULD SEE US HERE. I BET THEY'D THINK US PRETTY HOT STUFF."

connected with the production of the buskins or from any other cause the suggestion adumbrated above is impracticable, then recourse must be had to the only remaining solution of our national difficulties, viz., a drastic revision of the laws governing the competition. It was widely felt, and in some quarters openly stated at the conclusion of the Championships last year, when resentment against the unfairly fast services of ELLSWORTH VINES was still smouldering in all the best clubs, that a stop should be put to this un-English method of attack by limiting the number of serves to one (or else increasing it to six—I forget which); and, though nothing was eventually done, one cannot help feeling that here is the germ of an idea capable, when fully developed, of restoring us once more to our rightful position as Lawn

Tennis Champions of the World. Let our foremost players agree upon some particular stroke, say a lob to the backhand, and practise that and nothing else until the end of June. Then on the eve of the first day at Wimbledon let us bar the use of any other strokes whatever on the ground that they are unsporting and prejudicial to the best interests of the game. There might be protests, there might even be withdrawals, but I think we should win.

At any rate, whatever you may think of the proposal on other grounds, you will at least admit that the task of the running commentator would be enormously simplified. H. F. E.

Lancashire Hot-Pot, 1933.

"SERIES OF FIRES.
ALLEGATION OF COOKING OF FIGURES."
Lancs Paper.

Misleading Cases.

Haddock v. Jones.

THE House of Lords to-day allowed this important appeal.

The Lord Chancellor said:—

"I have had occasion to observe before that this House will not, if I have any influence, invariably consider itself bound by its own past decisions where these do not appear to be well fitted to the needs and conditions of the present time. And I wish the fact to be as widely known as possible, for the knowledge must act as a wholesome spur to litigation. There are many celebrated decisions of this House which are to my mind erroneous and yet have the force and authority of a statute, or more; yes, more, because a statute, after all, is mainly the work of the lower House. The would-be litigant whose case is clearly covered by one of these decisions is compelled as a rule to suffer his wrongs or grievances in silence. He is advised by counsel that in 1873 the House of Lords by a majority decided that two and two make five; and there is an end of the matter. Which is bad for business, to say nothing of the law. For the citizen is rare who has the tenacity of the admirable Mr. Haddock and will press his claim through one discouraging appeal after another in the distant hope that the House of Lords may change its mind for his particular benefit. But once it be known that this House is as capable of changing its mind as any other sensible person, then the bold and speculative genius of the race will without doubt bring more and more suppliants for justice before us, to the joint advantage of themselves, the legal profession and the law of the land.

"In the present case the appellant, Mr. Albert Haddock, is a writer of fiction; and in a book called *Tea for Three* he presented a fictitious character called Hilary Jones, who was a poet and lived at Bloomsbury. The name of the respondent is Hilary Jones, and he brought an action for defamation against Mr. Haddock. Mr. Haddock had never heard of this gentleman's

existence, and proved to the satisfaction of the Court that he had had no intention of defaming him.

"The real Mr. Jones does not live at Bloomsbury, but in Scotland; he is not, as the Jones of the book is described, 'short, sallow and rat-like,' but robust and rubeund; nor is he, like the character in the book, a bachelor of 'Bohemian' tendencies, but a married man and an elder of the Kirk. Indeed the differences between the real and the imaginary Hilary Jones are so numerous and important that it would seem at first impossible to connect the two. Unfortunately the real Hilary Jones does from time to time contribute verse on Nature subjects to *The Dunoon*

Jones, [1910] A.C. 20. In that case the plaintiff was also named Jones—Artemus Jones (the tribe of Jones appears to be a sensitive one). He complained that he had been defamed by an article concerning a fictitious character named Artemus Jones, and he was awarded £1,750 in damages, though neither the writer of the article nor the editor of the paper had been aware of the plaintiff's existence.

"In the present case Mr. Haddock has been ordered to pay £2,000 in damages to Mr. Hilary Jones. He appealed in vain to the Court of Appeal, who rightly assumed that your Lordships' House knew best; and here the splendid fellow is.

"My Lords, I think he is not only splendid but right. Libel is a tortious or wrongful act. And one of the conditions generally required by the law to establish liability in an action for tort is the existence of either wrongful intention or culpable negligence. I forget whether any of your Lordships know Latin, but the appropriate and well-accepted maxim is: '*Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*.'—It is not the deed which makes the wrongdoer, but the wrongful intention.' For the purpose of all penalties, civil or criminal, is deterrent, to prevent the commission or repetition of offences. But no man can be

deterred by a threat of punishment from doing something which he does not intend to do and does his best to avoid. Thus, a man who kills another with a motor-car will, in the absence of wrongful intent and reckless or negligent behaviour, suffer no penalty; and it is a queer thing if he who takes away life is to be more easily treated than he who takes away a shred of reputation.

"Now in this case Mr. Haddock can be charged neither with offensive intention nor with punishable negligence. Indeed, to choose so common a name as Jones for the villain of a piece appears to me to be a wise precaution; and a writer cannot be expected to examine the history and character of every person called Jones before he does so. For all I know, and for all Mr. Haddock knows, there may



"PLENTY OF ROOM ON THEM SEATS UP THERE, MATE."

"YES; BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST HANG ABOUT HERE. THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE PARTICULAR SEAT THAT I USE FOR APPOINTMENTS WITH MY PUBLISHER."

Gazette. A number of the simple people of Dunoon therefore supposed that the author had had their fellow-citizen in mind, and concluded that the latter, on his visits to the Metropolis, was guilty of the Bohemian behaviour attributed to the character in the book—or so they swore in the box. It must be obvious to any reasonable mind that the first precaution of an author who proposed to write a malicious defamation of another person in a work of fiction would be to give him a fictitious name. So that of all the numerous individuals upon this planet the plaintiff was perhaps the one least likely to have been intended. But this did not occur to the simple people of Dunoon. And if it occurred to the jury it was put out of their minds by counsel for the plaintiff and by the learned judge, who very properly informed them of the decision of this House in the case of *Hulton v.*

be in these islands not one Hilary Jones but a thousand; and five hundred of these may from time to time be guilty of verse, may be churchwardens or in some other detail resemble the character in the book. If one of them can recover damages against Mr. Haddock I do not see why they should not all do so, which would mean that a man can be punished five hundred times for a single action, though it was done with innocent intention.

"My Lords, this is absurd; and therefore it cannot be the law. Lord Chancellor Loreburn, in the case of Artemus Jones, defended the decision by reasoning which, with all respect, appears to me to be erroneous and batty.

"A man in good faith," he said, 'may publish a libel believing it to be true, and it may be found by the jury that he acted in good faith believing it to be true; but that in fact the statement was false. Under those circumstances he has no defence to the action, however excellent his intention. If the intention of the writer is immaterial in considering whether the matter written is defamatory I do not see why it need be relevant in considering whether it be defamatory of the plaintiff. . . . Just as the defendant could not excuse himself from malice by showing that he wrote it in the most benevolent spirit, so he cannot show that the libel was not of and concerning the plaintiff by proving that he never heard of the plaintiff. His intention in both respects equally is inferred from what he did. His remedy is to abstain from defamatory words.'

"My Lords, the answer to all that is easy. In one case the man has chosen to say things about a specific individual; and if they turn out to be untrue he takes the consequences. He has pointed a gun, so to speak, not thinking it to be loaded, and it has gone off. In the other he has not pointed a gun at anyone; he has not said anything about anyone; and for the harm done, if any, he is not responsible. Nor is anyone responsible, except perhaps the plaintiff's friends. It is as if two motor-cars had collided in a genuine 'accident'; neither side being to blame, the damage must lie where it falls, for no good purpose is to be served by shifting it. Two Joneses have here collided; but no award of damages in this case will prevent the next novelist from depicting a character with the name of Jones.

"And how, if he uses words at all, is Mr. Haddock to be sure that he 'abstains from defamatory words'? For the most innocent words may be made defamatory by circumstances or by other people. Suppose that he has an Amelia Jones in his book—a noble character who is a mother. An Amelia Jones, who is not married, comes to the Court accompanied by friends and neighbours who swear they thought that their Amelia was intended. The



HIS PRIVATE VIEW.

"YES, ONE SEES POSITIVELY EVERYBODY AT THE PRIVATE VIEW."

words, if applied to the virtuous spinster, are defamatory. Is Mr. Haddock to pay damages? If the leading decision is to stand—Yes. But my answer is—No. For otherwise I do not see how the agreeable practice of fiction is to continue. It will be open to any one-armed gentleman named Hook to proceed against the author of *Peter Pan*. Unscrupulous persons will have only to search the pages of every new novel until they find their own names, summon a few friends, go to the High Court and draw their damages. The only alternative is that the characters of fiction should be represented solely by algebraical signs—'X then kissed Y on the lips,' and so on; which is to me deplorable. The appeal must be allowed."

Their Lordships concurred. A.P.H.

"S.A. TRACK SECRETARY COMING TO JOHANNESBURG. WILL PLACE VIEWS OF HIS BODY BEFORE OLYMPIC GAMES ASSOCIATION."

South African Paper.

It sounds like a nudity-complex.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, is on view at the Public Art Gallery, Hereford, until May 20; at the Medici Art Gallery, 63, Bold Street, Liverpool, May 27 to June 10; at Halifax, June 17 to July 15; at Wrexham, July 24 to August 12; and at Bath, August 26 to September 23.

A separate Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Shipley Art Gallery, Gateshead, May 13 to June 10; at Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; and at Bolton, August 5 to September 2.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



She (to distinguished Academician). "EXCEPT FOR YOUR EXQUISITE PICTURES, SIR JAMES, I SEE NOTHING HERE WORTH A SECOND GLANCE."

He. "ER—THANKS. BUT I'M NOT EXHIBITING THIS YEAR."

She (undefeated). "AH, BUT HOW THE MEMORIES OF LAST YEAR STILL CLING TO THESE WALLS!"

Nobody Dunno.

THIS 'ere depression. Don't seem to be doin' us much good, do it? Everybody seems to be like a bloke wot I've read abaht—*Micawber*. They're all waitin' for somethink to turn up—World Conference or somethink. Nobody wants to do a job proper till somethink turns up. Their toes'll turn up fust, I reckon, at this bloomin' rate.

Now I wants to tell yer abaht this 'ere World Conference. You see, it's like this. All the countries gits tergether and says, "We must all 'elp each other, otherwise it's napoo for all of us." But I ought to 'ave told you that our Gover'ment got goin' fust. We says to all our Colonies at a place called Otterwa, "Let's git tergether and freeze aht all these for'in blokes an' then we can go to that there World Conference in a spirit of 'elpfulness—see?" So that's wot we done.

'Course yer know the world's in an 'orrible mess. Lots of people've got lots of things wot lots of other people wants ter buy, but they can't git tergether like. Funny, ain't it? People say they got no money, but 'ere's a queer thing

—the banks, wot lives on industry, they got plenty. A lot of businesses are losin' money or just keepin' goin' like, but the banks, wot relies on them makin' money so's they can make a bit as well, they jist pays a dividend of eighteen per cent. Now ain't that remarkable? I dunno where I am.

And a Chairman of a bank says to businesses, "You must lawunch out a bit an' live dinejerously." I dunno.

The Mare of our burrow says, "Lads, we're in an 'ole, so the best thing you can do is spend more money." Well, I gits forty-eight bob a week an' stands at fifteen bob a week rent, wiv two kids complete wiv sooper-tax appetites. I says agine, I dunno. They says it ain't ekernomical to give me any more money. It's econermy fer me orlright. There's millions of blokes like me, an' wus orf, an' if we can't afford ter buy all this stuff they wants ter sell, well, I ask yer, "Oo the blazes *is* goin' ter buy it?"

Fust they says, "Oh, things'll be orlright if wiges comes dahn!" Well, wiges *as* come dahn. Then they says, "If on'y America lets us orf payin' all them millions of pahnds we shall be orlright. An' if we prints tons of bank-

notes an' gives them away, that'll do it."

It's like our doctor. He says, "You'll git well if you 'ave yer tonsils aht; an' if that don't do it, 'ave yer teeth aht." Then you think abaht 'avin' yer blarsted 'ead orf.

There it is. They dunno, I dunno, you dunno. Oo the blazes *does*, anyway? An' to think we pays blokes big money to think these things aht proper! They says, "We oughter 'ave big money 'cos it's very difficult to work aht all these problems in business an' make everybody prosperous"; an' so you lets 'em 'ave the money, an' then they comes an' says, "We dunno."

Strewth! it's a rum go.

"That there is room for another 17,000 houses in Moreton, is the opinion of Councillor R. L. Reakes, of Wallasey . . ."

Liverpool Paper.

It doesn't sound very nouse to us.

"Lord Clydesdale, Lieut.-Col. Blacker and Flight-Lieut. McIntyre had short fights to-day, the ascents and descents being filmed. High winds and dust still continue."

Indian Paper.

Evidently the "boxing Marquis" still knows how to "mix it up."



BUSINESS DONE.

THE STAY-AT-HOME. "WELL, HAVE YOU BROUGHT BACK THE GOLDEN FLEECE?"

THE WANDERER. "NOT EXACTLY; BUT I HAVE COMMENCED PRELIMINARY EXPLORATIONS OF MANY DIFFERENT ROUTES. AND YOU?"

THE STAY-AT-HOME. "OH, WE TOO HAVE NOT BEEN IDLE. INCOME-TAX THE SAME—SPEED-LIMIT RESTORED IN OXFORD—AND JOY-WEEK POSTPONED."

F
L
m
li
d
e
o
a
e
e
m
o
n

C
o
g
re
w
n
sp
th
n

ti
p
v
to
st
h
L
g
w
th
it

B
m
p
D
vi
w
yo
m
to
w
h
E
o
de
le
th
D
£

L
re
li
bi
ne
C
£
se
in
le

Essence of Parliament.

Tuesday, April 25th.—There are Budgets and Budgets. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S was one of the former. His manner became his matter. No sparkling Churchillian jest; no acid Snowdenian gibe! A kind, if not over-eloquent, word for the patient heroism of the tax-payer, a profession of the austere faith that should inspire Chancellors of the Exchequer, and a guardedly optimistic reference to the nation's financial prospects, were the only divagations from the sheer business in hand.

That occupied two hours of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S dry and precise oratory, his manner inescapably suggesting that of a family solicitor reading the will of a beneficent testator who has unfortunately left little or nothing to distribute. It was a short speech as Budget speeches go. But there was no attempt to make the quickness of the tongue deceive the mind.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN began by admitting that his stewardship for the previous year had produced a deficit, variously estimated at from £3,000,000 to £32,000,000, instead of his estimated surplus of £800,000. It all depended on how you looked at it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained where the money had gone and—more importantly—from where it had failed to come. Briefly, there was £32,200,000 to be found, and it would be found by borrowing.

Turning to the future, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that he proposed to make no provision this year for payments or receipts of War Debts or Reparations. The service of the Consolidated Fund would cost considerably less this year; the Navy would cost a bit more, but all the Defence Services together less. Civil Estimates were up, and there would also have to be a Supplementary Estimate for another £22,500,000 or so to provide money for the dole after June 30th. Nevertheless, estimated expenditure for the year, leaving the American Debt out of account, would be £88,000,000 less than in 1931.

As to revenue, the CHANCELLOR foresaw a further drop in receipts from beer, spirits and liquor licences. Customs would bring in more, however, and the net falling off of revenue from Customs and Excise would be £7,000,000. From Inland Revenue sources he anticipated receiving approximately £21,500,000 less than last year, the difference

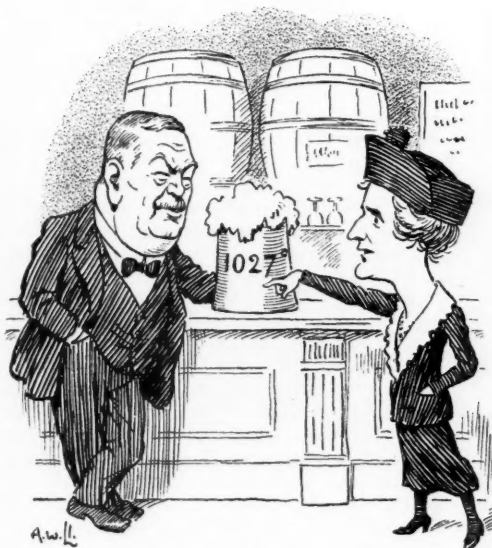
being chiefly due to a sad falling off from the glorious company of surtax-payers.

Turning for a moment to the Exchange Equalisation Account, which he claimed had thoroughly justified



"MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET."
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

its existence, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained that the pound was always strong in the spring and weak in the autumn, which suggests that it has a distinctly human constitution. Down in the City the old gaffers probably tell each other that a green winter makes a fat bank-rate, and say, "Ne'er buy a pound till March comes round."



Lady Astor. "WHAT—BEER?"
Mr. Will Thorne. "NO, WATER!"

Having pointed out that the increase in the Exchange Equalisation Account had no connection with America's going off the Gold Standard, the CHANCELLOR passed on to the vexed question of the taxation of the Co-operative Societies' profits. He still hoped, he said, to reach an acceptable basis of such taxation by agreement. Meanwhile he placed the yield from such taxation at the tentative figure of £750,000. Some feeling in the House that the CHANCELLOR has not stood up to the "Co-ops" as vigorously as he might have done was manifested in an interruption by Sir BASIL PETO, who asked if there were any precedent for discussing with the direct taxpayer whether he ought to be taxed or not.

Matches, artificial silk, hops and British sparkling wines were then dealt with. As a small measure of protection to the British match-maker, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposed to make the duty four-and-ninence per gross on imported matches as against the Excise duty of four-and-twopence. The British artificial silkworm, it appeared, was to be promoted from the meagre tariff-for-revenue cabbage to the succulent mulberry tree of Protection.

The House looked surprised when the CHANCELLOR explained that by clapping a surtax of six shillings a gallon on sparkling wines made in this country, thus bringing them nearly on a level with Empire sparkling wines, he would net £7,000 a year for his coffers. Whence, they asked, came these British bubbles, winking at the brim, and why had the Kitchen Committee done nothing about it? Life, it seems, may run gaily as the sparkling Thames vintage, but not in the Members' dining-room.

A modest penny on heavy oils and a thumping new licence-tax on heavy motor-vehicles came next; and then, after the CHANCELLOR had announced that this year he proposed to pour nothing down the Sinking Fund, the moment arrived to reveal his contemplated beneficences. Small mercies but thankfully received. A penny a pint off beer and a promise from the Brewers' Association that it would be better beer were the first gifts of the financial gods. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained that beer would be taxed on a new sliding scale, beginning at twenty-four shillings per bulk barrel up to and including beer of a gravity of 1,027 degrees.

"That's water!" interjected Mr. WILL THORNE, who as a former member of the Liquor

Control Board knows beer when he sees it. Lady ASTOR also seemed to be trying to say something about beer, or possibly about water. The CHANCELLOR expected this concession to cost him £14,000,000, which only left him a meagre balance of £3,291,000.

What about the poor taxpayer? Was he to get nothing? It looked like it, for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was discoursing at some length upon the evil fate that befalls Chancellors who unbalance their Budgets. But yes, there was a little something. Like ABRAHAM, who at a critical moment had found a ram caught in a thicket all ready for the sacrificial knife that had been on the point of ending poor ISAAC, the MINISTER had come upon a tidy little sum of £10,000,000 tucked away in the shape of a Five-per-cent. War Loan Depreciation Fund. He therefore proposed to restore the equal half-yearly payments of income-tax, a boon and a blessing to the harassed tax-payer which would cost the Treasury—on paper at least—£12,000,000.

And that was all. With a last brief expression of hope that the PRIME MINISTER'S visit to Washington would have beneficial results for all and sundry, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN resumed his seat amid adequate if not wildly enthusiastic applause. He was congratulated by Mr. LANSBURY, who thought the Budget "laid bare the futility of the Government's methods of restoring trade," and by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who thought it a pedestrian Budget, but admitted that this was no time for the flights of a Pegasus. Not quite the animal for any Chancellor perhaps, but who knows what might happen if Sir HERBERT should ever wing his lyric way into the Treasury?

Wednesday, April 16th.—Lord PONSONBY'S mentality bears the same relation to that of the ordinary Englishman that Mr. EPSTEIN'S strange dreams in stone do to the human form divine. Something has gone wrong somewhere, you feel, but whether a chisel has slipped or the beholder is cock-eyed is a matter of opinion. To-day the noble lord argued, on a motion put down by himself, that the Government's "Ruritanian" diplomacy in declaring the embargo on Russian goods when it did was positively all wrong, and that, if they had waited for another forty-eight hours, Messrs. THORNTON and MACDONALD would have been released and deported along with the other British engineers.

It fell to Lord MOUNT-TEMPLE and

Lord HAILSHAM to deal with Lord PONSONBY, a little ponderously perhaps, but adequately. Why, they asked, was the Socialist Party always the friend of every country but their own? The answer is, of course, that they are not told to take themselves off and live in the countries they so ardently champion. A month of Soviet cabbage-soup would make a new man of Lord PONSONBY.

It was the more significant, said Lord HAILSHAM, in view of this peculiar attitude, that even the Socialist Party professed confidence in the innocence of these imprisoned engineers. Why, then, must there be Lord PONSONBYS to make speeches calculated to deceive the Soviet Government as to the

that tariffs had been a failure. The Government was going to take £750,000 from the Co-operative Societies and give £600,000 to the company promoters, but there was nothing in the Budget that would help to bring back prosperity. All this is on page 1 of *Opposition Made Easy*.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL pointed out that Mr. ATTLEE'S figures in support of his contention that the Budget was not balanced were fantastic. But why had they heard nothing about the transference to the national charge of unemployment relief or of the Committee that was to examine the sugar-beet industry? Beer was heavily taxed, but the brewers were still making more than double their pre-War profits. The

Budget made no provision for putting the unemployed to work or for increasing the inadequate family allowances of the unemployed. And so on, to the inevitable conclusion (on page 3) that the prospect was gloomy, and it all came of abandoning Free Trade.

Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND defended the Budget as doing all that could be expected of it. Other attackers and defenders covered the same ground.

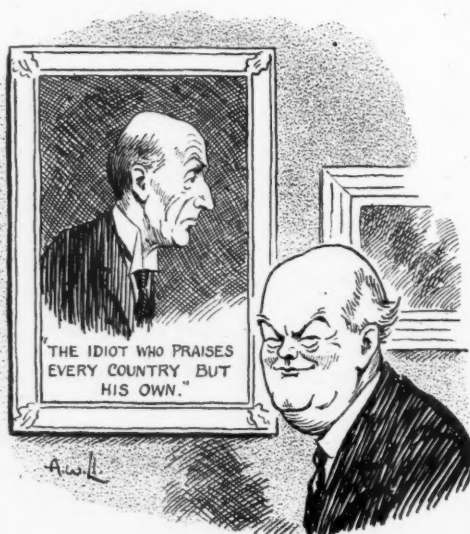
Lady ASTOR waxed shrill against the brewers, who, she declared, had had to be taxed and watched ever since CLEOPATRA'S day. "And she was no kill-joy," added the noble lady a trifle inconsequently.

Colonel WEDGWOOD found a new argument. This, he said, was a Budget to keep the pound up at the same time that our representatives in Washington were busy trying to keep the pound down.

Mr. CROSS, in a bright and bold maiden speech, said that President ROOSEVELT had deliberately sabotaged, in the language of Moscow, a very important piece of the machinery of national credit in arbitrarily putting America off the Gold Standard.

Sir BASIL PETO demanded that the Co-operative Societies be adequately taxed, and Mr. MACQUISTEN, a wanderer returned replete with vigour to the bleating flock, supported him with some rather startling revelations as to how the "official gang" who control the Co-operatives are in the habit of conducting their affairs.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA replied for the Government. He thought there had never been a Budget that provoked less hostility or to whose proposals so few alternatives were forthcoming. He could not have better described it.



LORD PONSONBY AS PAINTED BY LORD HAILSHAM.

unanimity of opinion in this country and to jeopardise the prisoners' chances of release?

The embargo was there, Lord HAILSHAM said, and he welcomed the opportunity of saying that there it would remain until Messrs. THORNTON and MACDONALD had been released.

Lord PONSONBY insisted on carrying his Motion to a vote, and found that he was, so to speak, seven, like the simple child that lightly draws its breath—though not so lightly as Lord PONSONBY expends his.

In the Commons Mr. ATTLEE opened the Labour attack on the Budget. It was, he said, a very candid and honest statement that made no attempt to conceal a very serious state of affairs. The Budget was not really balanced, he contended, and a steadily falling income-tax return sufficiently proved

Delectable Dorset.

(To C. S.)

In many a shire have I wandered
 In search of refreshment and rest,
 And find it, the more I have pondered,
 The harder to say which was best.
 Yet, though dear be the "mountain
 and flood" land
 Which gave us Sir WALTER and
 BURNS,
 My heart to the glories of Studland
 In Dorsetshire turns.
 As I sit in the shade of an arbour
 The view to the north and the east
 Past Poole and its tortuous harbour
 Provides a perpetual feast,
 Where the coast-line receding and
 gleaming
 In sunshine unfolds to the gaze,
 And the cliffs of the Needles are dreaming
 Ghostlike in the haze.

The air is notoriously bracing,
 Yet peace in this paradise reigns;
 We are not disturbed by the racing
 O'erhead of occasional planes;
 There are golf-links for tigers and
 rabbits,
 And ponies for smart little maids
 Adorning with breeches, not habits,
 Their gay cavalcades.

Would you pay your respects to Old
 Harry?

In less than an hour by the clock
 Your feet on the meadows will
 carry

You safe to the edge of his Rock;
 And an easy ascent from the level
 Will reach the renowned Aggle-
 stone,

At the Castle of Corfe by the Devil
 Vindictively thrown.*

* From the Isle of Wight. He missed it by
 about four miles.

There are paths most inviting to
 hikers

Through gorse all aflame on each
 bush;

There are roads for the service of
 bikers

Who travel by petrol or push;
 And, if you desire to make merry
 At Bournemouth, or feel at a loss
 From the lack of excitement, the
 ferry

Will float you across.

In the growth of its sudd and its mud-
 land

There's nothing to equal the Nile;
 Vegetarians find in her spud-land
 The glory of Erin's green Isle;
 And Jersey's a marvellous cud-land,
 As proved by the yield of her cows;
 But for holiday peace give me Stud-
 land

To bask and to browse.

C. L. G.



"THAT PARROT YOU SAID WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL IMITATOR—WELL, I'VE HAD IT OVER A WEEK AND ALL IT DOES IS
 MAKE A NOISE LIKE A RUSTY NAIL ON A SLATE."

"PRECISELY, MADAM; THAT IS ITS PRINCIPAL IMITATION."

International Incident Near Müffelsdorp.

BAVARIAN rain can be exceedingly hard. Ten minutes of it were enough for my two companions, who, poor creatures that they were, ran to ground in the inn at Müffelsdorp and swore hoarsely into their tankards that they would stay there till it stopped, which from the look of things might be about the end of the week.

I determined to leave them in their sottish haven and press on, in my new mackintosh, to see what kind of land lay beyond. "NACH WINKELSBACH, 9 Km." said the signpost, and, buttoning my collar about my ears, I strode out of the village and up the hill amongst the apple-trees.

I was toiling past my second kilometre stone when over the crest of the hill came a huge man on a small bicycle, coasting towards me. He wore a bottle-green uniform and a square brown beard. As he shot by I raised my hand in a traveller's greeting and shouted a hearty "G' tag!" For answer I heard the harsh screech of brakes and, turning, saw the giant dismount heavily and lean his machine against a tree. Something deliberate in his advance warned me that he was a policeman; the gambit was therefore his.

It consisted of four unintelligible words which emerged sharply through the interstices of his immense moustache.

"Do you speak any English?" I asked.

He wagged his head so vigorously that the water shot out of his beard in a long stream.

"If that's so," I said, "perhaps in view of the weather we'd better keep moving. It was nice of you to stop—" and I took a pace towards Winkelsbach. But his arm descended on my shoulder like a detaining sirloin.

"Parle Français?" he demanded.

"Très mal," I replied, with truth.

He leant forward and, gazing searchingly into my face, asked in vile French: "What do you here?"

There was a short silence, except that the rain continued to fall with unmitigated ferocity. Then I answered simply, in my own Vilfranche: "I am out for a walk for my health."

This drew from the giant a short but explosive laugh. Several apples fell off the nearer trees.

"Is it your custom when in search of health to walk hatless in a downpour, and uphill at that?"

"Surely your own countrymen are great walkers?" I parried.

"They are. But real walkers do not wear trousers." He looked excessively grave as he surveyed my dripping garments. National eccentricities are not capable of explanation. I lost my head a little.

"In my country," I explained, "it is the recognised route to health. As soon as our rain is heavy enough we habitually throw away our hats and make for the nearest hill. Your own

"Their conduct is at least capable of explanation," he said darkly.

"May I ask of what you suspect me?"

The giant tapped me on the chest in a not unfriendly way with his little finger. When I had got up again he said: "I hardly know. You do not look like a liar, and yet why should you have no papers of identification to support your behaviour? Can you show me *nothing*?"

"Not in this coat, I'm afraid," I said, going through my pockets to make sure. "Not even a gas-bill. Would that have done?"

He nodded solemnly.

There could be nothing in the pockets of my new mackintosh, but in desperation I tried them. And in desperation I handed him a small oblong card I found there, on which was printed:

HERMES MACKINTOSHES
LEAK UNLESS
BUTTONED

—an unusually silly example of the new humorous advertising.

"My card," I cried in triumph, "I have found it!"

"You are Herr Hermes Mackintoshes—Scottish, hein?"

It scarcely seemed a lie.

"And this is your address? Where is the place—Büttoned?"

"It is a northern suburb of London."

"And 'Leak Unless' is your villa?"

"It is."

A broad smile broke over his face, lighting up its many crags and valleys in a new and beautiful way.

"Why did you not show me this before?" He gripped my hand in his own Bath chap. "I am satisfied. You are Herr Mackintoshes—this card proves it. Do we part friends?"

"We certainly do," I said. "I found this also in my pocket. Please accept it," and I handed him the cigar of peace, black and rather bent. We bowed courteously before he remounted and rode away.

My friends met him in the courtyard of the inn. Because he tapped his forehead at them and shouted "Herr Mackintoshes!" in a great wind of laughter they assumed uncharitably that he was drunk. ERIC.

"Anthem: 'This Joke is easy' (Handel)." Church Notice.
Let's leave it at that.



Hamlet. "QUICK, QUICK, YORICK!"
Gravedigger. "NOT TILL YOU JOIN THE UNION."

plan of cycling downhill with your hat on is not hygienically comparable in any way."

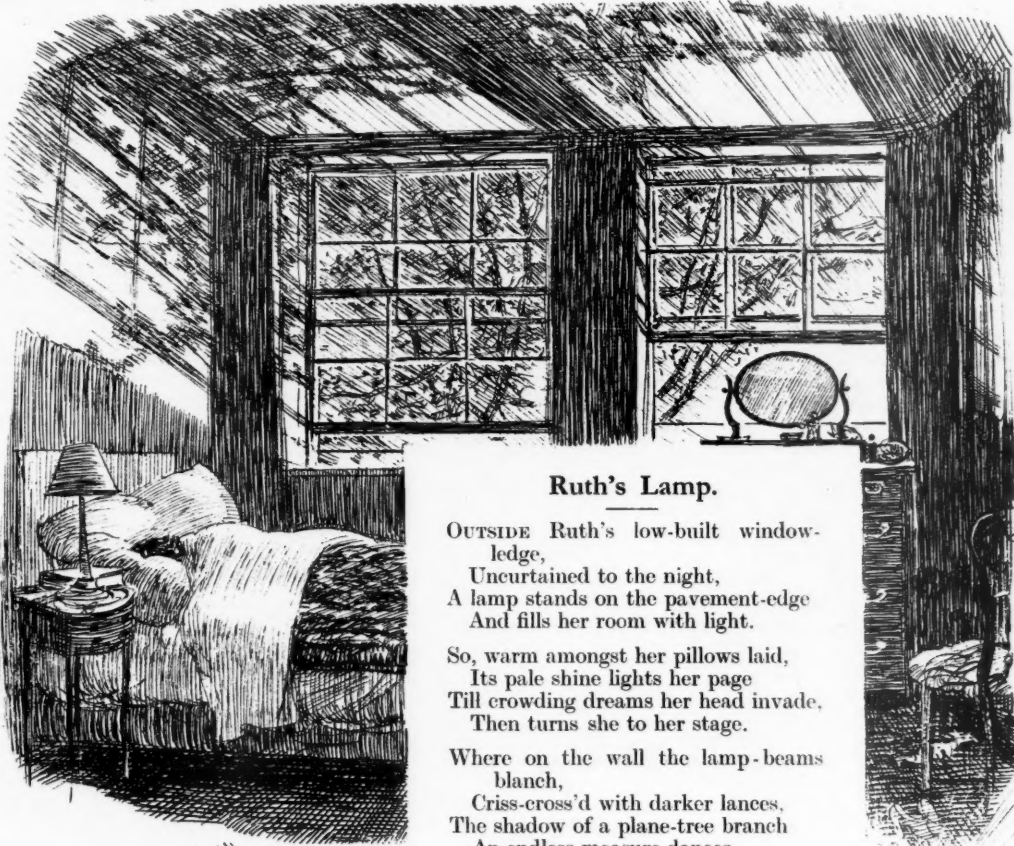
The man's immobility was admirable but unnerving. "What are you?" he inquired.

I did my best to tell him. He continued to train his unflickering gaze upon me. "Passport?"

"In my suitcase, twenty kilometres away at Gumpershofen. Ring up my hotel," I begged him, "or go and talk to my two friends down there at the inn." But at that the official mind went off on a fresh tack.

"Ah!" he murmured, laying a finger like a truncheon along his nose, "why do they not similarly traverse the hills?"

"They are lazy men of poor courage and a raging thirst," I replied, letting them down as lightly as I could.



Ruth's Lamp.

OUTSIDE Ruth's low-built window-
ledge,
Uncurtained to the night,
A lamp stands on the pavement-edge
And fills her room with light.

So, warm amongst her pillows laid,
Its pale shine lights her page
Till crowding dreams her head invade,
Then turns she to her stage.

Where on the wall the lamp-beams
blanch,
Criss-cross'd with darker lances,
The shadow of a plane-tree branch
An endless measure dances.

In Spring its step is chaste and shy,
In Summer nubile, brave,
And when its leafy ballets die
It gambols on their grave.

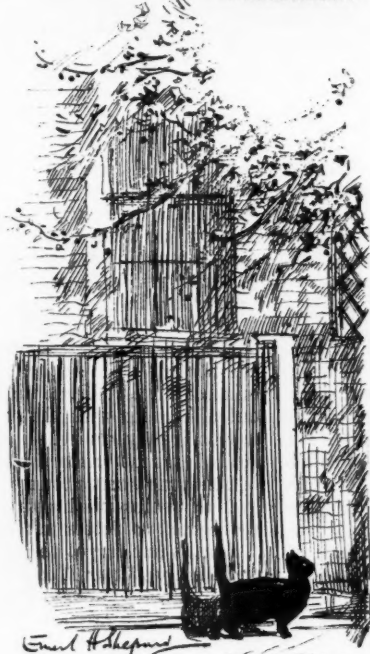
Until the bough is stripped and stark
And not a leaf remains,
Tireless the lamp-lit shadows dark
Dance through the window-panes.

If gossips pause beneath its flare
Ruth hugs herself in bed,
Because they don't know she is there,
Yet she's heard all they said.

But when the little urban moon
Which on the flagstones lay
By lovers is eclipsed, and soon
Their whispering dies away

To end in sudden silent clasp,
Ruth dives beneath the sheet
Until she hears the gravel rasp
With separating feet.

And if, when quietness covers all,
Lovelorn and lone Ruth grieves,
She finds still dancing on the wall
The faithful plane-tree leaves.



Ernest Shepard



An Ungrateful Grouse.

I SING of weddings, and my song
Is not all jubilation.
Not that I think these functions wrong.
I don't. Civilisation
Would probably go up in smoke
If unsophisticated folk
Like you and me and t'other bloke
Employed companionship.

No. It's of clothes I chiefly talk;
For, when I have to travel
Hundreds of miles by train and walk
Across the churchyard gravel
Suave, smiling and immaculate,
Topper just so upon the pate,
Gloved, groomed, and with my spats in
spate,
Then I begin to cavil.

You say I should have hired
a car?
The journey, doubtless
pleasant,
Would give my pocket-book
a jar
From 20A, Joy Crescent,
In London, W.16,
To Devonshire and back.
Between
Ourselves I'd shot my
bottom bean
Upon the wedding-present.

Now, as I've said above,
line 3,
I'm not one to disparage
Weddings as such. I clearly
see

The sanctity of marriage;
But should a chap be forced
to go
Crackling with starch from
head to toe

150 miles or so
Third in a crowded carriage?

I'd like to see a candid toast
Drunk by the congregation
To shops who've rented out the host
Of suits for the occasion;
Also, in place of "Absent Friends,"
A good long stoup in him who wends
His weary way down from the ends,
It seemed, of all creation.

You'd think receptions ought to be
A rout of wit and beauty;
Bons mots, bright dresses, gaiety,
With here and there a cutie.
But no. I saw one wedding belle
For whose *beaux yeux* I badly fell,
But was not introduced. Oh, well,
I trust I've done my duty.

"Hearing him speak, you might have
taken him for a bishop in fumi, or a great
musician."—*Evening Paper*.
In tum-ti tum-ti?

At the Play.

"CRIME ON THE HILL" (SHAFTESBURY).

MR. JACK DE LEON and MR. JACK CELESTIN, in this old and ever-popular game of "Spot the Murderer," manipulate their cards with skill and quite fairly. That is to say, their murderer has reasonable opportunity of access, there is always motive when a sufficiently rich man is the victim, and the chatter (and demeanour) of the impersonating player was consistent with guilt, if the quite simple rules of the game are remembered. It was humiliating, then, for one not wholly without experience of the tactics of these affairs to be completely puzzled to within a few moments of the curtain's



ANOTHER MISLEADING CASE.

Coroner SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
Mrs. D'Arcy MISS DRUSILLA WILLS.

fall. Playgoers who like this kind of exercise for their wits may make the deduction that this puzzle will amuse them.

The authors were perhaps less successful in exposing the mechanism of their deception to show how the trick was worked, which is part of their duty if they are to send us away completely satisfied. The main part of the criminal's strategy was made clear enough, but the gist of some monetary transaction with an unknown knight or baronet, which put the unlikely solicitor, Mr. Heron (Mr. BASIL FOSTER), on the track of the criminal, escaped us. Let this serve as a hint that the eyes of intending solvers should be focussed on this particular point.

Naturally the authors laboured in vain to convince us of the guilt of the unfortunate young Field (Mr. FRANCIS JAMES), who had every reason to wish the old man dead, and had a

most unsatisfactory alibi; but in the process of fitting the halter round his neck they gave us a delightful sketch of one of those coroners who tend to forget that they are not judges. Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR's characterisation of the pompous, petulant, bullying and withal weak official was a little masterpiece of technical skill and finish, and, I fear, made some of his colleagues' efforts look somewhat amateurish by comparison. The authors also introduced into this scene a pleasantly fantastic money-lender (played excellently by Mr. EVAN JOHN), who exposed the cold detached mathematical basis and justification of the much-misunderstood technique of his profession. They also permitted an ingenious producer from the rival realm of filmery to play pranks

with black-outs and interpolated visions of happenings outside the court. As these visions merely showed us two-dimensional police-inspectors telephoning obvious requests to each other or interviewing witnesses in dumb show, together with obscure suggestions of other waves inadequately symbolised by a number of bright flickering O's in diminishing perspective, we were not much the wiser, and were distinctly irritated at the implied contemptuous estimate of our imaginations. These vagaries also interrupted our morbid enjoyment of the agonies of poor tortured Mr. Field, which Mr. JAMES was rendering with much conviction. More excusable perhaps because

informative were the messages delivered in those cavernous inhuman tones which the celluloid alone achieves, warning us to be seated in good time for the curtain's rise. But on balance the intrusion of this elaborate hocus-pocus was, I submit, unjustified.

Whether the eccentric furnishings, suggesting something between a cock-tail-bar and a *cabinet particulier*, of the office of our Mr. Heron were sufficiently out of keeping with the majesty of the law to justify his being struck off the Rolls is a matter for the Law Society, but they may serve to explain a certain lack of professional plausibility which we seemed to detect in that worthy.

I must not forget to note the bland and kindly Doctor Moody of Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN, who always gives us the impression of thoroughly knowing his job and the mood of the piece he plays in; and also the delectable arch landlady by Miss DRUSILLA WILLS.

The love *motif* was handled with more than ordinary perfunctoriness, which, however, is no great matter.

The piece as a whole lacks the taut compression and pace which have gradually been evolved as a standard in these affairs, but the puzzle is a good puzzle, and as such is to be commended.

T.

At the Revue.

"How D' YOU DO?" (COMEDY).

THERE are twenty-eight rounds in the magazine of M. ANDRÉ CHARLOT'S latest quick-firing entertainment, which is a great many when you consider the difficulties of manufacture and of letting them off one after the other within the compass of three hours. It is small wonder that the force of their detonation is not absolutely constant.

Yet in the eternal quest for fresh variations on the old themes, M. CHARLOT has here met with considerable success and has gathered much promising young talent, welding it by expert handling into a show which may certainly shock but is unlikely to bore. It has a family charade atmosphere about it from the word Go (with a corresponding breadth of family humour) which lulls the audience into sitting comfortably back with an almost avuncular confidence that everyone concerned is going to do their best. As indeed they do, the intimate compactness of the theatre helping them not a little.

The core of the family was Miss FRANCES DAY, Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN and Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG. I last saw Mr. CHAPMAN a few months ago as *Jonah*, and for a moment I found it difficult to accustom myself to his sudden leap from the Biblical to the ridiculous. But what a good and versatile actor he is! There is hope for a stage which can produce a man capable of intensely moving acting who can yet make an entire success in the same show with the parts of a burlesqued Emperor, a Jewish diplomatic intermediary, an impoverished duke and an intoxicated Cup-finalist, not to mention them all.

Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG is already established as a cult. His humour, which cannot be questioned, bridges the eighteenth and the present centuries, and his peculiar vein of indecorous allusion, which can, is a matter which must lie between each individual and his personal shocking-point. Here on the

stage his audacity was no more muted than it is in lone cabaret. I think "Tree" was his best separate effort, in which (resembling closely the wicked oak in WALT DISNEY'S coloured film) he enumerated the discomforts of vegetable life.



"S'CUSE ME!"
MISS FRANCES DAY.

Miss FRANCES DAY was charmingly ubiquitous, shaking her platinum locks at us in comic and sad song and even taking the lead in a mediæval ballet. She devoted an unnecessary amount of time to studies in the plaintively-coy, always a slappable mood, but her



IN ROME—DOING AS THE ROMANS DON'T.

Nero Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN.
Boadicea Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG.

vivacious personality did much to hold the show together.

Three parodies were among the best things in the programme. In the first, "Mad About the Noel," Mr. BYNG took off with great effect Miss JOYCE BARBOUR'S song in *Words and Music*, while Mr. EDWARD COOPER and Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE guyed Mr. COWARD himself in friendly fashion. The target in the second was *The Green Bay Tree*, Mr. CHAPMAN giving a brilliant imitation of Mr. VOSPER'S *Dulcie*.

The third was a long and delightfully idiotic burlesque of *The Sign of the Cross*. Nero (Mr. CHAPMAN), tiring of Poppæa (Miss DAY), welcomed a visit from Boadicea, Queen of the Obseeni (Mr. BYNG), until he saw her, when his uncertainty was excusable. She arrived at the tiller of her disc-wheeled bath-chair, looking like an uninhibited head-mistress of tradition, and full of song expressing her readiness to do as Rome did. Taking it all in all, it was pretty courteous of Nero (who kept lapsing into broad Yorkshire) not to turn her over immediately to the lions.

In *The Legend of Berenice*, a ballet which was beautifully dressed and lit, Mr. WALTER GORE and Miss FRANCES DAY danced very engagingly; and I liked the other ballet, too, *On the Quay*, in which four mariners and their ladies were faced with the everlasting problem, which they left unsolved, of what to do with our old friend the *Drunken Sailor*. Mr. TONY SYMPSON was prominent in this and other turns as a step-dancer of unusually low gear and entrancing expression.

The book and most of the lyrics are by Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE. He has a satirical wit and a sound sense of what is vital to the brief sketch and what is not; he has also originality, and we might easily hear more of him in the future. The greater part of the music is by Mr. ORD HAMILTON, who is to be congratulated on some good and catchy tunes.

Altogether quite a bright evening for a sophisticated audience, prepared to swallow their diversion rather neat and to accept a varying standard, which at times is high. ERIC.

Mr. Æolus Unemployed.

"Storm Damage Neatly Executed. Estimates free."

Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.

"When ordered to leave all three resisted, and Mrs. — struck one of the raiders with a poker."

Irish Paper.

"Pig!" cried the raider, and swept out.

Neighbours and Friends.

WHEN he first came to live here Dogberry Smith's hobby was bees. Nasty during the marmalade hour, but supportable. Then he launched out into hens. I think I would have preferred anything but hens. The breed he chose was the kind that produces male birds which crow two hours before the hour of dawn. Following the hens came the rats. I complained about these.

"My dear fellow," said Dogberry Smith in a moment of expansion, "don't worry about the rats. I'll exterminate them."

I think he did his best. I found several dead rats in my herbaceous border where his gardener had thrown them. To save, I suppose, burial expenses. But the rats went on. I sought the advice of the village rat-catcher.

"You'll 'ave to ferret 'em," said Hoppy Jim. "I got a little bitch ferret just made for rat-tin'."

It would be silly to argue with Hoppy Jim about rat-catching. I bought the bitch ferret and a hutch. I called her Ethel, and prayed for luck.

The first field-day with the ferret was only a moderate success; two rats were bolted and relentlessly shot down by my 16 bore. Then old Sam, the gardener, decided to try the other end of the ditch and picked up the ferret—on the end of his thumb. This finished the day. While I was dressing Sam's thumb I heard him give definite expression to all that I had ever thought about ferrets.

On the following day I happened to be passing the ferret's hutch. The door was open. I explored further. The place was empty. Ethel had departed. But where? An exhaustive search of the garden failed to supply the answer. Apparently she was weary of "Cross Springs" and was speeding back to Ethelred.

The next day was Friday—unlucky—and before our breakfast was completed Dogberry Smith blew in with such haste that I thought one of his queen bees must have got into our marmalade-pot.

"A dreadful thing happened last night," he exclaimed. "Something got into my cockerel pen and killed fifteen birds. You didn't see a stoat about here yesterday, did you?"

I replied with perfect truth that I had not seen a stoat.

During that week-end the massacre of the Dogberry Smith poultry was completed. On Tuesday morning old Sam met me in the garden.

"She's back in the hutch agin," he said. "If you be minded, I was thinkin' we might try that lower end. I got an old 'edgin' glove she'll never bite through."

I thought better not. It seemed to

Humoresque.

"AND what are you going to be funny about *this* time?" said my little friend Laura—to whom I am perhaps less attached in her more humorous moments than at any other time.

I raised my eyes—and eyebrows—from the slight but witty trifle that I was hoping to commit to paper.

Very likely I should have given utterance to the repartee that was doubtless hovering at the back of my mind, but Laura spoke first.

"What about that time you dyed your hair? That was funny enough, Heaven knows! Something could be done with that, surely?"

"The time you came out bronze with green lights," Charles supplemented Laura's effort—not indeed brilliantly, but, I suppose, feeling, as well he might, that it was a good deal too weak to stand by itself.

The conversation then degenerated into a dialogue between Charles and Laura.

"Green lights?" said Laura in a tone of lively intelligence that I have never yet heard her apply to the EINSTEIN Theory or a definition of Our Policy in the Far East. "I never saw that, did I?"

"No, no; you only saw the mauve time," said Charles.

"What a shame!" said Laura regretfully.

I realised that I was wasting valuable time and returned to my weekly task of being funny.

"How are you getting on?" asked Laura.

I replied that I should be quite all right if only I could think of anything to say. We all have our difficulties, and that happened to be mine.

"But you do it every week."

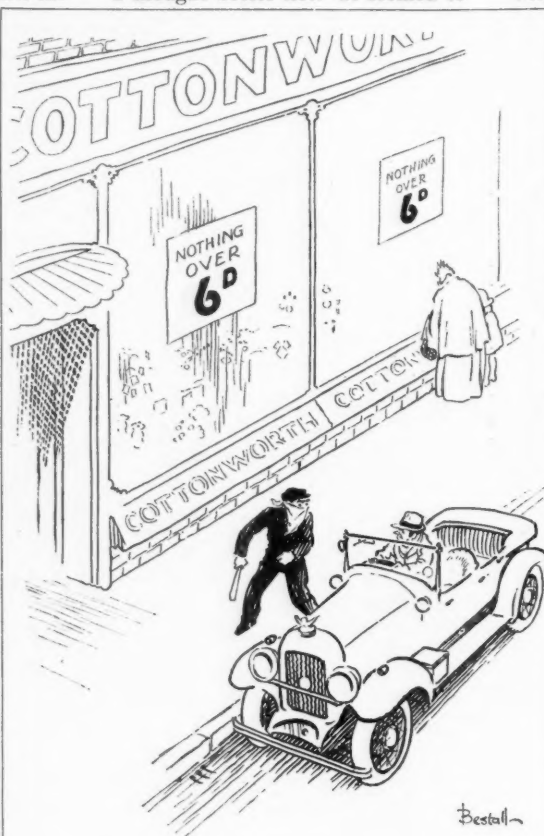
"That's exactly why it's so difficult. Funny things don't happen every week."

"Oh, but they do to *you*," said Laura, pealing with not very intelligent laughter. "What about that time you put away the car in the wrong garage?"

"Or when I sent you a telegram to say the cook had walked out of the house, and it arrived on the First of April, and you thought it was a joke and it *wasn't*?" said Charles.

"It wasn't and isn't," I replied coldly.

"Well, nothing could have been funnier—ha, ha, ha!—than when you played in the tennis tournament last



Bandit Driver. "WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, SUDDENLY HIDIN' YOUR FEATURES? LOSIN' YOUR NERVE?"

Partner. "NO; BUT, DASH IT ALL, AFTER THAT BOND STREET JOB I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME RAIDING A SIXPENNY STORE."

me that unless Dogberry Smith restocked his chicken-runs, an unlikely proceeding, the rats would be driven to seek some other corn-supply. I sent Ethel back to Hoppy Jim, together with a pound-note—a gift that slightly puzzled him.

But I can't make out how the hutch-door came to be undone.

I questioned old Sam very closely. But he only grinned at me with his inscrutable Sussex face and said nothing. . . .

Very queer.

year and they accidentally put you with that woman who plays at Wimbledon."

I saw, not for the first time, that my ideas of what constituted humour differed sharply from those of my *entourage*.

"Thank you so much," I said—kindly and courteously so far as the actual words went—"thank you so much, but I think perhaps I'd better pursue my own train of thought."

I went on pursuing it, though never, I may say, catching up with it for one moment, until the gong rang for lunch. And after that the children; and a small painted elephant to be mended with sealing-wax; and, if I pleased, cook had forgotten to say that a pot of jam was wanted from the cupboard, and she wouldn't have troubled me only for Reverend and Mrs. Hoy coming to tea, and sandwiches would be nice; and the telephone rang and said there was a case marked "PERISHABLE" waiting at the station, and they wouldn't like to take the responsibility, not in this weather, they wouldn't.

So that one quite saw it wasn't the moment for being funny—or, anyway, not any funnier than one could help.

After tea, naturally, is the Children's Hour. It always has been, and it still is, although in many a modern house it is an undifferentiated one out of the twenty-four Children's Hours that make up the average day.

At nine o'clock Laura, in the kindest way, asked me if I had yet thought of anything funny to write about.

And Charles said, "Hark! I want to listen to this."

And a voice from the ether said, "Will Frederick Fiddlestring, last heard of in the Desert of Sahara eight-and-twenty years ago, proceed at once to No. 375, High Street, Islington—"

And I said—

But I said it very quietly.

(Grandmama unfortunately heard me. Her deafness is of rather a curious intermittent type, especially in the family circle. The quaint fantasy flitted across my mind for a moment that one might write a rather funny short article about Grandmama, but this I at once dismissed. One has to earn one's living, admittedly, but not at the expense of the finer feelings.)

"Why not," said Laura, "get that article of yours *finished*, and then we could have some bridge?"

"Why not chuck the whole thing up?" Charles suggested more crudely and without the addition of any softening clause.

"Why not let us hear what you've written, dear, and then perhaps we could all *help* you?" said Grandmama.



"MASSA, SOME DAY I COME ENGLAND, BUT I AM NOT GOOD ENOUGH CLO'ES YET; I WOULD REQUIRE NOO BRACES."

"I've made any number of suggestions already," Laura pointed out. "There was that time that—"

In order to check any further enumeration of incidents that to a more adult mind than dear little Laura's would have appeared distressing rather than funny, I silently handed to Grandmama my half-sheet of paper.

What I had written about the first notes of the cuckoo may or may not have been amusing.

What dear Grandmama said after reading it was doubtless meant as encouragement.

"Very nice indeed, dear. Now, if I were you I should put it all away and have a nice game of cards. Then you'll be quite fresh to-morrow morning and able to write something *really* funny."

E. M. D.

Self-Expression.

["The motorist," says a gossip, "should wear clothing at least more or less suitable."]

WHEN motoring, such fashion-faddists state,

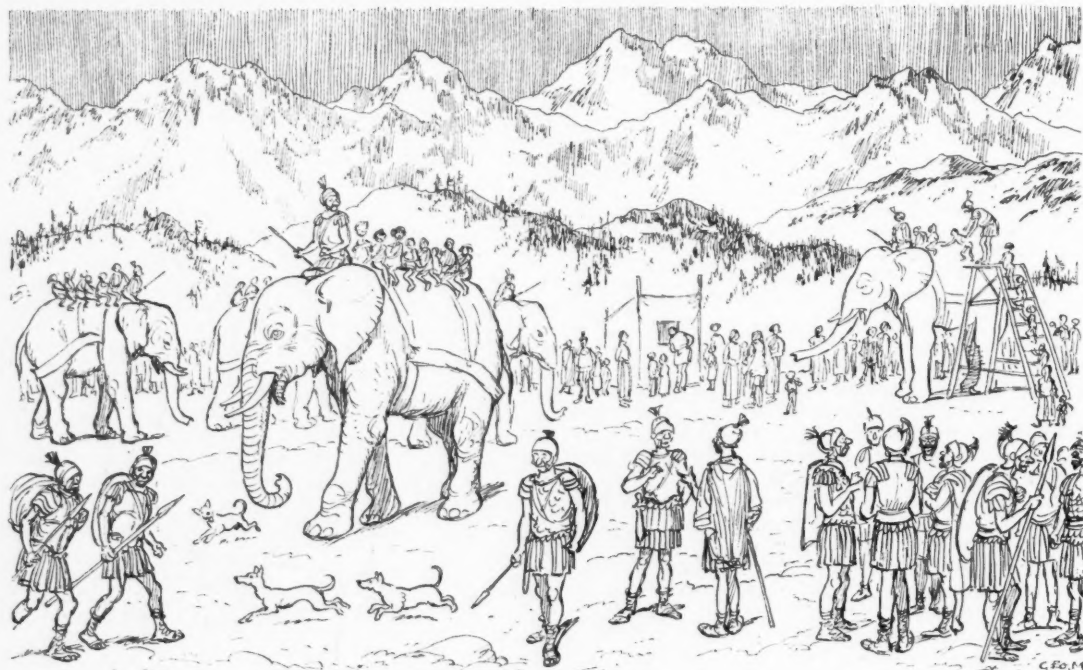
Our clothing ought to be appropriate; May I make bold to say, if this is so, That, for too many drivers whom I know, There's only one material really fit, And that is pigskin, to provide their kit.

"Lost, Diamond Drop-off Earring."

Manchester Paper.

We are not surprised.

"Ames opened out and straight drove Ryan for a crisp square cut."—*N.Z. Paper*. To the leg boundary?



BY-PATHS IN HISTORY.

HANNIBAL'S ARMY RAISING FUNDS FOR MILITARY HOSPITALS DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Scenes Without Scenery.

IT was a saying of HARDY'S that uncommonness in fiction must lie in the events, not the characters—in fact that the likeliness of the characters must persuade the reader of the likelihood of the events. This, I feel, is Mrs. EDITH WHARTON'S policy in the "novelette," which is half—and the better half—of *Human Nature* (APPLETON, 7/6). It describes a desolate American widow seeking her lost son in Europe. Blind to all but her quest, she becomes the prey of a set of obvious swindlers—as moving and memorable a tragedy as even the creator of *The Children* has given us. Three of the four short stories following strike me as suffering from neglect of local colour. They are problems *in vacuo*, isolated in a manner more scientific than literary. This is particularly the case with "The Day of the Funeral," the legend of a triangle disrupted by suicide, and "Diagnosis," which depicts the impact of a death-sentence on a selfish career. On the contrary, "Joy in the House," which relates the home-coming of an errant American wife, mounts an excellent piece of satire with ironic and effective lavishness.

Love and Money.

Were the very young but as wise as they thought themselves, what a lot of trouble would the novelists be spared! If *Toby Condover*, serious-minded and blinkered by a fond mamma, had been able to perceive, at the age of nineteen, that it was not *Ruth*, the shallow and provocative prude, but the gallant, bright and pagan *Sally* who was the proper

mate for him, there would have been no occasion for the *Laughter in Heaven* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), which Mr. (or, on a balance of probabilities, Miss) C. LLOYD-JONES assumes to have acclaimed their tragi-comic antics; and the author would have had nothing to report. In this well-written and neatly carpentered story a rather trite situation is given an individual twist by an ingenious admixture of high and international finance, so that the fate of nations, it seems, may have hung on the issue of *Toby's* private troubles; while a slightly condescending tolerance of the frailties of the elderly—and a fine disregard of the moral prejudices which some of them still retain—in no wise detracts from the acuteness of the diagnosis of the distressing but seldom fatal malady called growing pains.

The First Liberal-Unionist.

The second volume of Mr. J. L. GARVIN'S *Life of Joseph Chamberlain* (MACMILLAN, 21/-) is the record of his hero's bitter pilgrimage from companionable leadership of a party very much his own to an elevation of isolated hatred in the ranks of its opponents. The drama of GLADSTONE'S fight for Home Rule has been approached from many angles, and to-day it can be realised as the most perfectly-balanced tragedy of British political history. Here it is retraced with notable skill and pathos as it affected the statesman who of his essential nature was not only the hardest hitter of his generation but perhaps the most utterly sincere and inflexible in maintenance of convictions once established. The clash of mighty personalities, the shattering of friendships, the contested will and the woman who broke into history, forgery, suicide, the dramatic climax and the hint of more terrific futures in store—all are here once more; but this time the focus of the plot is neither GLADSTONE

nor PARNELL nor KITTY O'SHEA, but the Radical who would surely have been Prime Minister if only his world had not suddenly gone to pieces about him. This volume tells of the crash and barely hints at the putting together that was to follow.

The Ring and the Book.

Though your husband's a bore or a savage or whiney man,
The Technique of Marriage (it's issued by HEINEMANN)

Shows you how to behave
In a number of cases—
You must not see him shave,
You must not see his braces,
You must not hear his snores;
All the happiest wives
Have their own private lives,
So insist upon yours.

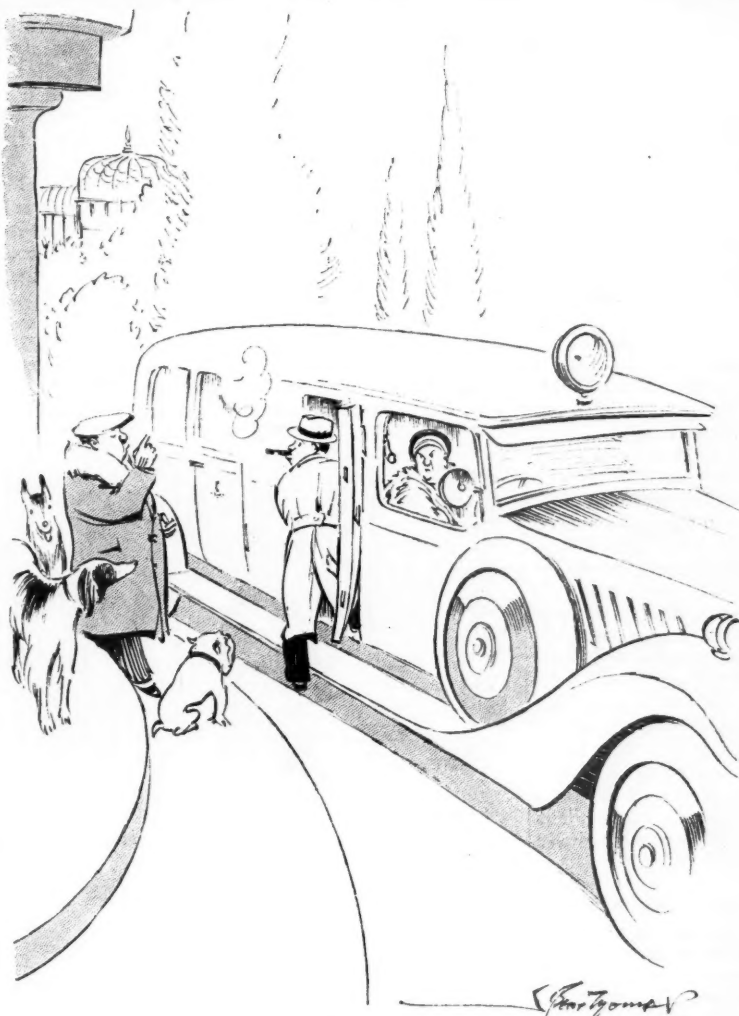
However eternal the sun you've been reckoning,
You'll fall out of love when romance has done beckoning;
But this isn't the end,
There are second-rate blisses—
You can still be his friend
When you've finished with kisses.
And the author throws doubt
On the fact that there's boon
In the best honeymoon;
So she says, Cut it out!

The writer, who's Miss MARY BORDEN,
shows numerous
Snares for the bride, and she strikes me as humorous

When she scolds the slack wife
And most solemnly trounces
(Lest he mar married life)
The fond husband who bounces
In and out of the room
Where, with grease on her nose,
She, his spouse, seeks repose.
On his soul be their doom!

Love Among the Artists.

The moral of *Design for Living* (HEINEMANN, 5/-), if such a light fantastic and mischievous affair can be credited with a moral, would seem to be that friendship between men and women is a stronger bond than love—love in a narrow interpretation of the much-abused word. At any rate, so it proves with *Leo* the playwright, *Otto* the painter, *Ernest* the picture-dealer and *Gilda* the interior decorator—corresponding, I should say, roughly to Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon and Columbine. This is not a play for Puritans, though only one line of it, which enshrines a joke neither new nor pertinent to its occasion, need be blotted. Mr. COWARD's audacities are, if candid, not crude, nor does he make play with the sly innuendo. The pattern is worked out with a most dexterous ingenuity; the four principals, all carefully individualised characters, pour out a constant stream of bright nonsense mixed with sense and seriousness. In the last scene *Leo* and *Otto* do indeed import a quite different brand of nonsense for which we have not been prepared, but it is a good brand, and the effectiveness of the scene—this



"NOT IN THERE, OLD BOY—THAT'S A NON-SMOKER!"

author's instinct for what tells on the stage in the way of nonsense is now something near infallible—excuses the slight lapse from artistic integrity. There is an undercurrent of suggestion that success is not as bright as it is painted. A somewhat serious farce, in fact.

An Operatic Cavalcade.

Bred up in the old Italian traditions but converted to WAGNER by the "German invasion" of 1882, Mr. HERMAN KLEIN, as the result of a long and active career as critic and teacher in England and America, is well equipped for the task of surveying the progress of Opera in the last half-century. He has known all the great singers and most of the great composers of his time, many of them intimately, from JENNY LIND to CARUSO and DESTINN. He has seen Italian Opera submerged by WAGNER and reviving under the later VERDI and PUCCINI, but whether golden or Grand he has never known it to be a profitable commercial transaction. There is no trace of *Bludyer* in *The Golden Age of Opera* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6), though Mr. KLEIN does not hesitate

to call PATTI—one of his idols—"hopeless" as *Carmen*. The DE RESZKES—*par nobile fratrum*—are his chief heroes, and he does full justice to the nobility of the unique TERNINA. He has given us a genial and informing record, but indulges with painful frequency in the clichés beloved of Victorian critics. The new version of the Latin tag, "Nothing intrigues like the unknown," is typical of his fluent but undistinguished style.

Off the Beaten Track.

In the entertaining company of Sir HARRY LUKE I have wandered *In the Margin of History* (LOVAT DICKSON, 12/6) through lands little known to the ordinary tourist. Who, for example, has ever heard of—much less visited—the Republic of Poljica? Yet this tiny mountainous republic behind Spalato can lay claim to a history of more than eight centuries, and its elective head bore the resounding title of the Great Count. Unhappily the memory of its past glory seems to have vanished as completely from Poljica as it has from Yvetot, which could once boast a King. Luxemburg and Liechtenstein are happier in having preserved both their rulers and their independence. Indeed I felt tempted, after reading Sir HARRY LUKE's account of Liechtenstein, to hasten away to a land where "taxation is light and the cost of living low." Small wonder that the emigration figures for Liechtenstein are very low! An excellent book for armchair travellers.

"Breadfruit" Bligh.

The dramatic story of the *Bounty* has provided Messrs. CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL, the joint authors of *Mutiny!* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), with the wherewithal for a sufficiently picturesque sea romance. The tale is put into the mouth of one Roger Byam, who for purposes of the story takes the place actually occupied by Midshipman PETER HEYWOOD; and a love-interest of the conventional South Sea type is duly introduced. Regarded as historical fact, however, the book cannot be said to fulfil the claim of the publishers' blurb. "BREADFRUIT" BLIGH in sober truth was no monster of the PIGOTT type. To a great extent he was the victim of his own uncontrolled tongue and of a constitutional inability to handle men tactfully, as well as of the difficulty of maintaining discipline among the attractions of the islands from which even COOK suffered. If anything, BLIGH seems to have been ahead of his time in his care for his crew, and, had he been the bloodthirsty ogre this book paints him, it would have been incredible that so many of his ship's company should have elected to follow him to what must have seemed at the time the virtual certainty of a lingering death from starvation and thirst.

Eviction.

The New Bridge (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) contains, so we are informed, "a searching indictment of present-day con-

ditions"; but, apart from confirming my belief in the folly of speculative building, Mr. MEYER LEVIN's story has left me quite unimpressed. *David Schwartz* built huge tenement-houses in New York, with results equally disastrous to himself and his tenants. Presently the time came when the *Joraceks*, being three months behind with their rent, were to be turned out, and their friends decided to resist the eviction. A miniature battle, in which a boy was accidentally killed, followed; and Mr. LEVIN shows genuine dramatic sense in his description of this tragi-comic affray. But the tale as a whole is not, to my mind, especially convincing or amusing, and at times Mr. LEVIN's frankness makes it none too agreeable to read.

Mystery and Misfortune.

Convinced by experience of previous tales that Mr. HARRY EDMONDS is to be numbered among the small and select band of novelists who can write intelligently of the sea, I embarked upon *The Death Ship* (THE BODLEY HEAD,

7/6) with every confidence. And, although it is possible to think that Mr. EDMONDS has overloaded his story with tragedies, he has undoubtedly written a haunting and well-told yarn. The *Valmiera*, sailing to Valparaiso under mysterious orders, had scarcely started upon her voyage before queer and inexplicable disasters began to occur. The men, with every reason, became scared, and, as calamities continued to happen, Captain Harris was presently face to face with a mutinous crew. It is unfair to reveal the plot that drove the *Valmiera* to destruction, but I can at least say that it was



"I'VE JUST ORDERED YOUR LOCAL TAXI-MAN TO SEND ONE OF HIS OLD HEARSE'S ROUND."
"THAT'S AWKWARD. HE'S OUR LOCAL UNDERTAKER AS WELL."

not lacking in malevolence and ingenuity.

After the Next War.

In *Tom's A-Cold* (MACMILLAN) we are whisked to 1993, When, following another war (The one which now we're waiting for), Civilisation has gone bust, Just as our prophets say it must.

JOHN COLLIER (7/6 the fare) Most brilliantly conducts us there; Small groups of people occupy The ruined towns of days gone by, Each of them dreading, nerves a quake, Attacks which no one dares to make.

But woman, who by Nature's plan Has always got the best of man, Gets up to her old antics here, Which seems to make it fairly clear That, change conditions as you will, A woman is a woman still.